

- - - AUTUMN ANNOUNCEMENTS. - - -

Teachers and Students of Literature will be especially interested in the leading feature of the Double Autumn Number of

POET=LORE,

a symposium on

"How May Literature Best Be Taught?"

consisting of concise expressions of opinion on aims and methods of literary study, by *Prof. Hiram Corson*, of Cornell University; *Prof. Katherine Lee Bates*, of Wellesley College; *Prof. L. A. Sherman*, of the University of Nebraska, and *Prof. O. L. Triggs* and *F. I. Carpenter*, of the Chicago University.

Other special attractions of this issue are a sea story, entitled

"**A Present Day Saga**," translated by *Johannes H. Wisby* from the Danish of the famous modern writer of sea and shore stories, *Holger Drachmann*;

"**Pelleas and Melisande**," a complete prose play from the French of *Maurice Maeterlinck*; his latest and finest work.

"**Gentle George Farquhar**," by *Louise Imogen Guiney*;

"**The Electric Light Station**." A poetic picture of a modern street scene, by *Nathan Haskell Dole*; the third and concluding part of

"**Shakespeare's Opening Scenes as Striking the Keynote of Dramatic Action and Motive**," by *Charles W. Hodell, &c., &c.*

THIS DOUBLE NUMBER, 50 CENTS.

The current October issue of *Poet-lore* resumes with

"How to Study Bryant's 'Thanatopsis,'"

the *School of Literature*, which has been so excellent an educational feature of the present volume. (Preceding poems studied have been *Lowell's* "Vision of Sir Launfal;" *Whittier's* "Snow Bound;" *Longfellow's* "Spanish Student;" *Burns's* "Mary in Heaven;" *Emerson's* "Each and All.") *Prof. Hiram Corson* continues in this and the succeeding November and December numbers his valuable papers on

"**The Aims of Literary Study and the Value of Vocal Interpretation.**"

"**Walt Whitman and Murger**," by *Horace L. Traubel*, gives an account of Whitman's English version of Murger's celebrated ballad together with notes of Whitman's talk about it taken down from his own lips.

"**Character, Plot and Passion in Much Ado About Nothing**," by *C. A. Wrightsburg* appears in the October number. The fiction represented in the same issue is

"**Love and Bread**," a short story by *Auguste Strindberg*.

THIS SINGLE NUMBER, 25 CENTS.

The original of Rossetti's "Jenny"; some unpublished letters of *William Morris*, on "Socialism"; *Mr. F. G. Fleay's* "Notes on Shelley"; *Gutskow's* Masterpiece, "Uriel Acosta," translated by *Richard Hovey* and *Francois Stewart Jones*; *Drachmann's* Sailor Story, "A Whit-Monday Festival in Denmark," translated by *Johannes H. Wisby*; together with other unusual fiction will be prominent among the attractions of the new year.

Many other valuable papers on literary subjects are in hand, or being arranged for the year 1895, full announcement of which will be made later.

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A HOLIDAY IN LINCOLN'S INN.

Who is the man that can sit
Through the length of the breathless days,
Chained to a profitless desk, with the roar
Of a city driven a thousand ways
Grinding upon his throbbing ear,
With the dust in his eyes, and the ache at
his heart

For a hope that is growing heavy with
fear—

Who is the man that can sit
And never know what it is to sigh
For a summer making ready to die,
For a summer in which he may have no
part,

Torn from his life forevermore—
And he may not see one field ablaze,
Nor the evening blue on the hills, nor hear
One breaker break on the shore—
Who is the man that can sit,
Nor sigh to think of it?

Come, for an hour I will dream
That I have a holiday too;
For an hour this stained cracked ceiling
shall seem

The vault of heaven's own blue,
For an hour—but what shall I do?
And where, ah! where shall I go?
No need to question so,
For I know, oh, how well I know!
Down through a cleft in the rocks
There trickles a baby stream,
Trickles through fern and moss
And grasses matted across,
Down through a rift in the rocks,
Glittering crystal-cool,
Down to the moulded sands below,
To screw out a tiny track through the
brown,

By podded weed and anemone pool
On to the low-tide lisp of the sea,
Where the sea-gulls marshal their flocks
To wonder and gaze at me.
There, oh! there will I go;
There on the sand will I cast myself down,
And forget it is only a dream.

There will I watch the dragging sail
Of the trawler out in the bay,
And the long smoke trail of the ocean mail
Rising and fading into the air
When herself has vanished away;
And try to measure the miles between,
And measuring look at the shell in my
hand

And the spiral'd "miracle" there,
And long for a brain to understand
Something of what I have seen;
While the sun and the breezes vie

To make it all seem too fair
For ever the storm-clouds to gather on high
Or the hurricane hurl through the air,
Flinging the foam in an icy hail
O'er the place where I have been.

And then with the rising tide
I'll arise to feel I am free,
Since no law can hinder the mind
From the haven where it would be,
And awake from my dream of summer to
find

This same dull law at my side
Grown subject unto me.

Speaker.

GRAILY HEWITT.

AT HARVEST.

If we have let our sunny springtime pass
With idle scorn of what the year might
bring—

Have gathered flowers to toss them on the
grass,
And only cared to hear the woodbirds
sing;

If we have turned aside from sober truth
In bright delusive fairylands to stray,
And spent the golden promise of our youth
With selfish living and regardless play—
When shadows fall we shall be struck at
heart

With bitter grieving for our blasted fate;
And then the lesson of life's sadder part

Will lead to agonized remorse—too late;
The land is barren now which once was
green:

We never can be what we might have
been.

Academy.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

ON AN EARLY VIOLET.

'MID leafless shrubs, on the cold earth
Rises thy soft and beauteous form,
Familiar even from thy birth
With many a storm.

There, blooming in thy lonely bed,
Enfolded in thy mantle green,
Thy solitary sweets are shed,
Unknown, unseen.

Yet could the balmiest breath of May
To thee one added charm have lent?
Could brighter tints thy leaves inlay,
Or sweeter scent?

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

From Temple Bar.

ALEXANDER, LORD PITSLIGO.

Fair as the earliest beams of eastern light,
 Fair as that beam — the fairest far,
 Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
 Shines martial faith and courtesy's bright star
 Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the
 brow of war.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

It is not often in these eminently practical times that the romantic and stirring episodes of a man's life should all take place after he has attained his seventieth year. Such, however, in a more heroic age, was the case with the stately old nobleman of whom we purpose to give a brief account, as his fine character and eventful career deserve to be better known than they have been hitherto. We have fortunately unusual advantages for such a record in the possession of material for which we are indebted in part to Sir Walter Scott and also to private sources of information.

Many years ago a very quaint and matter-of-fact biography of Lord Pitsligo was published along with a work of his own composition, which was reviewed at some length by the author of "Waverley." That review, bearing all the characteristics of the great writer's well-known style, with the little book itself, is now in our hands, and the family traditions on the subject are of a very vivid description. The grandfather of the present writer was Lord Pitsligo's great-nephew and heir, on whom his impoverished estates devolved, with the territorial name shorn of its title, as the penalty of his devotion to a hopeless cause; and among his descendants the old man, who died at the age of eighty-five in the year 1762, has ever existed as a living personality and a priceless example of fortitude and self-abnegation. The motive power of his whole existence was his unswerving fidelity to one idea — *une idée fixe*; he believed in the divine right of kings, and to that well-nigh obsolete theory he was content to sacrifice himself wholly and irretrievably. It will only be necessary to give a short summary of his history previous to the last two decades of his life,

which, as we have said, embodied all the more striking events of his career. Sir Walter Scott in the commencement of his review claims a special interest for the subject in the following words:

An account of Lord Pitsligo drawn from authentic documents is highly calculated, in my opinion, to interest not only those who love to look upon the noble spectacle of a brave and lofty-minded man contending with the storms of adversity, but the feelings of that lighter-minded class of readers who enjoy the interest annexed to hairbreadth escapes and the detail of singular sufferings, whether the sufferers be heroes or rogues.

Alexander Forbes was the only son of the third Lord Pitsligo and of Lady Sophia Erskine, daughter of the ninth Earl of Mar. He was born on the 22nd of May, 1678, and succeeded his father in his title and estates in 1691. His home was at Pitsligo Castle (now a picturesque ruin), in a remote district of Aberdeenshire, but he left it at the age of nineteen to go to France with the view of completing his education. There he attracted the notice of Fénelon, and very soon their acquaintance ripened into a warm friendship, which was probably due in some degree to the fact that Lord Pitsligo, naturally enthusiastic and devout, adopted the religious opinions of the Quietists as promulgated by Madame Guion. His adherence to the doctrines of this sect is distinctly traceable in the work which he published at a later period of his life, and of which Sir Walter Scott says that

It occupies the whole space betwixt the cradle and the grave, and even passes that last stern limit of earthly hopes and fears, since the little book contains "thoughts concerning a man's condition" and duties in this life and his hopes in the world to come.

These more serious tendencies did not, however, prevent Lord Pitsligo from mixing freely in the best society which Paris then afforded — such as was to be found in the Hotel de Beauvilliers, the resort of the most distinguished persons frequenting the court of Louis XIV., and where a young

man of his rank and accomplishments was naturally made very welcome.

It was at this period also that he first openly manifested his faithful attachment to the exiled princes of the house of Stuart, which was the cause of all his subsequent misfortunes. After some time spent in this brilliant and attractive society, he left Paris to return to his own country and assume the duties of his position both socially and publicly. Lord Pitsligo took his seat in Parliament in the year 1700, and found himself obliged at once to make his choice between the two great contending factions into which the realm was politically divided. The most powerful of these was undoubtedly the court party, who desired to bring about a settlement of the crown to the exclusion of the exiled royal family, and ultimately to effect the union between England and Scotland, while their opponents, under the designation of Jacobites, labored for the independence of Scotland and the restoration of the ancient monarchical race. There was no shrinking or hesitation on the part of Lord Pitsligo in giving his entire allegiance to these last, albeit he must have been quite conscious even then that theirs was likely to be the losing side. Sir Walter Scott thus sums up the position : —

The advantages which were in future to arise from the great measure of a national union were so hidden by the mists of prejudice that it cannot be wondered at that Lord Pitsligo like many a high-spirited man saw nothing but disgrace in a measure forced on by such corrupt means and calling in its commencement for such mortifying national sacrifice . . . it was not till the best part of a century after the event that the inestimable fruits of the treaty began to be felt and known. . . . Looking upon the Act of Settlement of the Crown and the Act of Abjuration as unlawful, Lord Pitsligo retired to his house in the country and threw up attendance on Parliament.

When the measure was finally enforced, the extension to Scotland of the oath of abjuration effectually prevented all adherents of the house of Stuart

from serving their country as statesmen or taking any part in matters connected with the government. Thus, on the very threshold of his career, Lord Pitsligo's public life terminated, and he might have led a tranquil and happy existence in his old castle among the tenants who revered and loved him, but for his faithful devotion to the one dominant principle which led him forth in his manhood's prime, and again in his resigned old age, to do battle for a fatal cause.

The accession of the Hanoverian Prince George I. on the death of Queen Anne was the signal for the first attempt in Scotland to restore the exiled Stuarts to the throne of their ancestors. In September, 1715, the Earl of Mar, with the fiery impetuosity of his race, raised the standard of King James at Kildrummy, and called on all true men to rally their forces under that banner. He was immediately joined by Lord Pitsligo, who was his near relation, and still more closely allied to him in unity of aim and principle ; but on that occasion the end came speedily. Sir Walter Scott says that

Mar, an able statesman and intriguer, had consulted his ambition rather than his talents when he assumed the command of such an enterprise. He sank beneath the far superior genius of the Duke of Argyll, and after the indecisive battle of Sheriff Muir the confederacy which he had formed dissolved like a snowball and the nobles concerned in it were fain to fly abroad.

Lord Pitsligo had played a brave part in that unfortunate attempt, and after a short period of concealment among his tenants, who manifested the utmost sympathy both for himself and the cause for which he suffered, he succeeded in escaping to Holland. He was welcomed there as the friend of Fénelon, who was gone indeed from this world, but whose memory was especially dear to the people of that land, and there he remained waiting the issue of efforts made by his friends at home to induce the government to allow him to return to his own country, as he was not one of the nobles at-

tainted for their share in the rising of 1715. Their negotiations failed, however, and, submitting to his fate, he travelled in Italy for some time, till he was induced by a pressing invitation to join the court of James at Rome, where he found Lord Mar and other adherents of that prince. He still remained there after the shadowy semblance of royalty had passed to the Chevalier St. George, although the petty intrigues and feuds of that illusory court were very distasteful to a man of his upright and honorable character. Some of his letters during this period of exile have been preserved, and the following passage from one to a friend at home shows the spirit in which he endured his painful position :—

In all events, my dear friend, study to keep your mind easy ; we live but from moment to moment, and the whole earth, though we had it and all our wishes, is not able to give us real happiness, and consequently our disappointments may be called nothing but the loss of some amusements, or rather the change of one for another, for we have something to amuse us everywhere, and to tell you the plain truth I have been sometimes but indifferently diverted abroad.

Another letter is of a very quaint description, having been really written to his wife ; but as he did not dare to correspond openly with Lady Pitsligo, he writes as if from a third person in a humble sphere of life, giving an account of her husband :—

DEAR MADAM,—I am so much in use of the familiar style that I must give you the same compellation I do my other friends, but the critics tell me “dear” is not only a kind word, but it intimates respect too—I was very well pleased with your last letter. I suppose the best news I can tell you is that your husband is well. He says he has many neighbors to thank for their civilities to you in his absence. . . . You guessed right that I was not very fond of travelling ; contentment is a good thing when people can come at it. Believe me, dear madam, I wish you all manner of happiness.

We may mention here that Lord Pitsligo was twice married, on both occasions to English ladies uncon-

nected with Scotland ; but these alliances seem to have counted for very little in his life, as the notices of the ladies which occur in his history are so extremely scanty that it is impossible to form any opinion respecting them. His first wife was the mother of his only child, the master of Pitsligo, who was in no way remarkable, and who died without issue.

After five or six years spent in this exile, Lord Pitsligo became so disgusted with the cabals and corruption of the mimic court that he resolved to quit it, and at all hazards to venture back to his home. He seems, indeed, to have received some private assurance that his secret return would not be noticed by the government, and he took up his abode once again in Castle Pitsligo, where he lived in complete retirement and was held in the highest respect by all around him. He devoted himself to the care of his tenantry and the poor, and also gave up much time to literature. He introduced into that part of Scotland a taste for the mystic writers he had learned to admire on the Continent, and with some of whom he still kept up his intercourse. Sir Walter Scott gives an amusing description of the long journey undertaken by Dr. Heylin, distinguished in those days as the mystical doctor, for the purpose of enjoying a personal interview with Lord Pitsligo. When the good man had overcome the distance as far as Edinburgh, and found that he had still two hundred miles to travel, *au fin fond de l'Ecosse*, as Froissart says, he shrank from the undertaking and returned home, leaving Castle Pitsligo unvisited.

In this peaceful and studious manner Lord Pitsligo's life passed on quietly till, in 1745, the young Prince Charles Edward landed in the West Highlands with only seven attendants to claim the throne of his ancestors on behalf of his father, the old Chevalier St. George. Lord Pitsligo was then approaching his seventieth year, and was subject to asthma, which rendered him very unfit for hardship and exposure ; but the enthusiastic attachment to the house

of Stuart which distinguished the adherents of the cause, though stimulated in the case of younger men by the romantic nature of the enterprise, was founded with Lord Pitsligo solely on principle and a sense of duty. He was ready at any cost to obey the call of him whom he held to be his rightful monarch. His age and infirmities might have justified him in confining his exertions to raising a native regiment and animating the patriotism of others; but the north of Scotland abounded with high-spirited cavaliers, bent on fighting for their prince, and a leader was all they required. In this crisis they demanded of Lord Pitsligo, so universally esteemed and beloved, that he should place himself at their head, and insisted on being allowed at once to enroll themselves under his command. His assuming this perilous position was vehemently opposed by his relations and friends, who knew the state of his health, and in a letter written some years afterwards he records the doubts he himself felt as to the wisdom of such a step:—

I was grown a little old, and the fear of ridicule stuck to me pretty much. I have mentioned the weightier considerations of a family which would make the censure still the greater and set the more tongues agoing; but we are pushed on; I know not how I thought, and I weighed and weighed again . . . there was as little remorse when the affair miscarried as there was eagerness at the beginning . . . When I heard of the attainder I was not in the least surprised at it, only I knew not why those should be called *traitors* who had betrayed no trusts nor discovered any secrets.

Nevertheless, his unshaken loyalty and strong sense of duty prevailed, and when he had once announced his determination to take the field at the head of his men, he allowed no entreaties or remonstrances to delay him even for an hour. Before starting on the fatal expedition he went to take leave of a neighbor, and the little son of his friend brought out a stool to assist him in mounting his horse.

"My little fellow," said Lord Pitsligo, "this is the severest reproof I

have yet met with for presuming to go on such an expedition."

He took one faithful attendant with him, who used long afterwards to describe the risks and hardships to which his venerable master was exposed and the anxiety he felt as to the ultimate result, for Lord Pitsligo himself was so full of ardor and determination that he seemed inspired with new life for the hazardous undertaking. He went at once to meet his friends at the rendezvous he had appointed in Aberdeen, and found to his satisfaction that the Jacobite gentlemen of the district formed a body of well-armed cavalry, to the number of one hundred men. When they were drawn up in readiness to start their aged leader moved to the front, lifted his hat, and looking up to heaven said solemnly: "Lord, thou knowest that our cause is just." And then gave the signal for departure: "March, gentlemen!"

Lord Pitsligo and his followers joined Charles Edward at Edinburgh, a few days after the Highland victory at Preston, and the prince gave him the grateful welcome which was due to so important an acquisition to his forces. An eye-witness of Lord Pitsligo's arrival recorded afterwards the impression made on all present, saying that, "It seemed as if religion, virtue, and justice were entering the camp under the appearance of this venerable man." He was appointed a member of the prince's council, and was always treated by him with special regard. Lord Pitsligo himself, writing to a friend, says:—

I got to Edinburgh in very tolerable health, but it soon broke, and I had occasion to discover the prince's humanity—I ought to say tenderness, and this is giving myself no great airs, for he showed the same disposition to everybody.

Lord Pitsligo remained with the prince's forces during their march into England and their retreat from thence, and as he was little able to bear the fatigues and privations of such a campaign through a whole long winter, the prince often insisted on his making use

of his carriage, while he himself, young and strong, marched on foot.

At length came the final overthrow of all their hopes on the fatal field of Culloden. It was the day of doom for the house of Stuart, and the Chevalier St. George, the claimant of the throne, was condemned to pass the remainder of his life in hopeless obscurity. The father of the present writer possessed a life-size portrait of this prince, given to an ancestor by Charles Edward himself, and a more utterly uninteresting countenance than it presented it would be difficult to imagine. It seems sad to think of so many gallant men, for his sake going down to despair and ruin, and of these, excepting that he escaped death on the scaffold, none fared worse than Lord Pitsligo. With the complete and disastrous failure of the enterprise at Culloden there commenced for him all the dire consequences of his unshrinking patriotism, which were to terminate only with his life. A price was set upon his head, as on that of all the Jacobite nobles, and he had to fly into hiding in a mountainous district of the adjacent country. There he lived for a time on the charity shown by the peasantry towards a victim of the national misfortune, with whom they shared their humble and scanty fare, though unknown to them previously.

After trusting for a time to the honor of strangers and subsisting on their hospitality, Lord Pitsligo resolved to go back for life or for death to his own people, and he accordingly returned to Aberdeenshire, travelling only in the night-time. Of course he could not venture near Castle Pitsligo, and had to remain in strict concealment, for it was soon known in London that he was lurking in the neighborhood of his old home, where Lady Pitsligo still remained, as its confiscation by the government was not effected till somewhat later. It was thought by the authorities that he meant to escape into France to rejoin the prince, but this was never his purpose; he determined to spend the remainder of a life which could not be much prolonged, even if

not abridged by the arm of the law, in concealment among his own tenantry. He had, however, the utmost difficulty in eluding the vigorous search that was made for him. Our space will only permit of our detailing a very few of the romantic incidents that befell this aged man while escaping from the soldiers sent to seize him, who literally hunted him from place to place. He was often obliged to hide himself in a hollow opening in the earth under a small bridge on his own estate, which was scarcely large enough to contain him, but which was a safe refuge, inasmuch as no one would have conceived it possible that a human being could lie concealed in it. Sometimes he was driven from his constrained position within it to wander among the neighboring bogs, and at last he determined to assume the disguise of a beggar, which he hoped would secure him more freedom. He went secretly to Castle Pitsligo by night in order that his wife and her maid might fit him out in the costume worn by the "Edie Ochiltrees" of those days, part of which consisted of two huge bags carried under the arms for the reception of the broken food he would have to beg from door to door. He sat beside the women while they made them, talking, much to their surprise, in a perfectly cheerful manner. Thus equipped as a poor mendicant he went forth among his people, who were not always deceived by his clever disguise; but they religiously preserved his secret, and it proved an effectual protection against the officers of justice who were most eager to seize him for the sake of the reward promised on his capture, alive or dead.

He had many marvellous escapes from their hands. On one occasion he was overtaken by a fit of asthma just as a patrol of soldiers was coming up behind him. Being unable to proceed, he sat down by the roadside, and when the dragoons came up he quietly asked alms from them with the usual phraseology of a professional beggar. They were so completely deceived that they actually bestowed some pence on him,

condoling with him at the same time on the severity of his asthma.

Another time he had sought shelter in the house of a shoemaker, and almost immediately the band of soldiers in pursuit of him were seen approaching. The cobbler, who had penetrated Lord Pitsligo's disguise, was terribly alarmed and thought it safest to dress him up at once in the clothes of one of his own assistants, and made him sit down on a stool with a shoe in his hand, which he seemed to be mending. The dragoons came into the shop in the course of their search, and the cobbler noticing that one of them glanced at the hands of this particular workman as if he thought they were singularly white and delicate for one of his trade, felt afraid that a narrower inspection would betray the truth; he therefore turned sharply to Lord Pitsligo and ordered him to go out and help in holding the soldiers' horses. The supposed workman obeyed with such perfect composure that he allayed all suspicion and so escaped.

Sometimes when the pursuit was very keen he would conceal himself for many days in a cave half-way down a rocky cliff on the seashore, which still goes by the name of Lord Pitsligo's cave. It is narrow at the entrance, but after passing through two smaller openings there is an inner space which is large and lofty, and contains a spring of water welling from the rock, and now falling into a cistern cut by the hands of the fugitive himself, who by this labor relieved some of the solitary hours he had to spend in this dismal abode. The knowledge of this place of concealment was confided to a faithful follower, whose little daughter was employed to bring him the necessary supplies of food. As it was her occupation to tend her father's sheep on the surrounding hills, she was not likely to be suspected or watched, and could choose the best time for making her way to the cave. Only when snow was on the ground she did not dare to go, as her little footmarks would have betrayed his hiding-place to those who were more than ever vigilant in their

search for him, as it had become known that he was harbored in that part of the country and often went about in disguise.

In spite of all precautions, however, the soldiers discovered that a cave on the coast was his refuge for the time, and they came to a farmhouse near to obtain a guide for the place. It happened that Lord Pitsligo, hearing of the pursuit, had slipped out of his cave and sought shelter in this very house in his beggar's disguise. The astute farmer's wife knowing perfectly well who he was, proved equal to the occasion. When the dragoons asked her to furnish them with a guide to the cave, she answered that she had no one to send but this wandering beggar, who could no doubt show them the way. Lord Pitsligo with admirable composure agreed to do so, and stolidly conducted them to his vacant place of refuge, where he took leave of them without having been suspected by them in the least.

He assisted them in their search another time when he had fallen asleep in the granary of a farmhouse, and the soldiers coming in to look for the nobleman, whose discovery would so greatly have enriched them, ordered the old beggar, whom alone they saw, to take a lantern and help them in examining the whole of the building. This he did so well and carefully that they bestowed a shilling upon him for his trouble, and departed highly disappointed.

One of the most critical escapes Lord Pitsligo ever had was connected with a very singular incident. There was a poor harmless idiot in that district who used to wander from cottage to cottage seeking the food which was never denied to him by the kindly peasantry. He knew the lord of Castle Pitsligo well, having often profited by his generosity in happier times, and happening to meet him one day disguised as usual at the house of one of the tenants, the poor fool instantly recognized him. He at once gave way to violent distress at seeing him in the sad condition of an outcast utterly fallen from his high estate, and made a great outcry. While

he was thus loudly bemoaning himself and expressing his own deep respect for his lordship, a troop of soldiers entered the house in the course of their usual search for the unfortunate fugitive. They at once asked the idiot who it was that he was lamenting so vehemently. It may be imagined what a moment of terrible anxiety ensued both for the inmates of the house and for Lord Pitsligo himself, as it was impossible to expect the poor idiot's weak intellect would be capable of anything but a simple betrayal of the fatal truth; when to their utter surprise he answered as if he had been the wisest and shrewdest of men, saying in the cleverest manner possible that he had known this beggar formerly as a prosperous farmer, who had been ruined by the loss of all his sheep in a hard season, and he was sorry for the broken-down man. It was looked upon as a special interposition of Providence that such an answer should have been given by a helpless idiot, and the impression prevailing in the neighborhood that Lord Pitsligo was helped by supernatural agency seemed confirmed soon afterwards by an escape which he owed entirely to a warning conveyed by a dream.

The poor hunted nobleman being very unwell had ventured to pass a night in the house of a friend, and information of the fact had somehow reached the commanding officer of the force appointed to arrest him, who took his measures accordingly with the strictest secrecy. He acted with so much promptitude that the capture of his prey must have been certain, but for a remarkable occurrence. A lady who was merely visiting the family repeatedly dreamt on that particular night that she saw the house surrounded by soldiers. She became so haunted by the vision, which recurred three times, that she got out of bed and went to the window just as the dawn was breaking, when to her amazement she did in fact see a number of soldiers lurking among the trees near the house, to whom an officer was giving orders by signals and frequently putting his

finger to his lips to enjoin silence. She seems not to have known herself that Lord Pitsligo was in the house, but imagining that the soldiers had come for purposes of pillage, as they often did, she roused the family, who at once understood that the troops were in quest of a greater prize than all the stores the house might contain.

There was just time to wake the feeble old man from his slumbers and hurry him into the only safe place of concealment they could find. This was in a small recess behind the wainscot of a room where another lady visitor was lying in bed. Her couch was placed so as to conceal the recess, and this had scarcely been done when the soldiers entered, and a most rigorous search commenced. The room in which the lady lay trembling was minutely examined, and, before the dragoons had finished testing every nook and corner the close confinement in which he was, brought on one of Lord Pitsligo's fits of asthma; his breathing behind the wainscot became so loud that the lady could only prevent its reaching the ears of the soldiers by pretending to be seized by a violent attack of coughing, and by that means succeeded in making noise enough to prevent the poor captive's gasping from being heard. Her ruse was successful; and so soon as the search was given up Lord Pitsligo was hastily taken from his stifling imprisonment and replaced in bed. When he became able to speak he told his servant to go and see that "the poor soldiers had a hot breakfast prepared for them, as it was a cold morning;" and while his friends were congratulating themselves on having baffled the pursuers, he said with a smile, "A poor prize had they obtained it—an old dying man!" There could be no question, however, that the lady's dream had prevented his apprehension and saved him from the death on the scaffold which had so long been his appointed doom.

In 1748 Lord Pitsligo was condemned as guilty of high treason; his castle and estates were seized by the crown and his title forfeited. He attempted

to obtain a reversal of the attainder on the ground of some technical flaw in the official document which deprived him of name and property, but the effort failed; he thus found himself in extreme old age finally proscribed, robbed of his ancient inheritance, his family degraded, his life at the mercy of any informer; but his serenity of mind and perfect acquiescence in the will of God never forsook him. He seems to have been absolutely without fear of death. Although he had held it his duty not to rush into danger as a voluntary martyr, he always looked forward to the probability that he should have to yield up his life at last under the axe of the executioner; he was, however, spared this tragic fate, and he seems at the close of his long term of existence to have been left unmolested by the government. Having no home or means of his own, he accepted the hospitality of the family into which his only son had married, and in their house he gently "fell asleep" on the 21st of December, 1762, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

The crowning bitterness of all the misery that had resulted from his devotion to a hopeless cause, seemed to fall upon his son when he found that he had to be indebted to the stranger in possession of his lost estates for permission to lay his father's honored remains in the ancient vault which contained the ashes of his ancestors for many generations. We may close this brief record of a noble life with a testimony to Lord Pitsligo's character from the pen of Dr. King, then principal of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, who had known him in early life:—

Whoever is so happy either from his natural disposition or his good judgment constantly to observe St. Paul's precept to speak evil of no one will certainly acquire the love and esteem of the whole community of which he is a member, but such a man is the *rara avis in terris*, and among all my acquaintance I have known only one person to whom I can with truth assign this character—the person I mean is the present Lord Pitsligo. I not only never heard this gentleman speak an ill word of

any man living, but I always observed him ready to defend any other person who was ill spoken of in his company . . . It is no wonder that such an excellent man, who besides is a polite scholar and has many other great and good qualities, should be universally admired and beloved . . . At least to this general esteem and affection for his person his preservation must be owing . . . since his attainder.

We may add this further testimony from one of his contemporaries:—

To Lord Pitsligo "God was all; the whole creation in itself considered was nothing. What a comfort to think that such heaven-lighted lamps shall never be extinguished—they are only moved into the inner court of the King Immortal, where they shine more and more, waiting for those left behind, that all may attain perfect splendor."

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE LITTLE CHORISTER.

I.

SWEET cherub! do you not already begin to picture him so in your fancy; the pure streams of melody that flow from his rosy mouth, the heart-shaking, unconscious thrill with which those almost baby lips utter the solemn words of the anthem? Ay, such was Toby Watkins once, but 'tis many lustres back. Yet he is still a little chorister, with a round face and thin, sweet voice, and a heart of childlike freshness, albeit the chubbiness of youth sits somewhat comically upon his mature years. Toby is a whimsical fellow, full of strange conceits and old-world enthusiasm; and, indeed, to see his queer little physiognomy is almost a cure for the spleen, and the mouth wrinkled in such fantastic wise that to a stranger it must be problematical, when the face begins to work, whether it be for mirth or weeping. Yet I can very clearly call to mind that the first time I saw him 'twas with a sort of admiring awe Toby is now but little accustomed to inspire.

The holiday times of a somewhat lonely childhood were spent by me, for the most part at the residences of cer-

tain bachelor uncles, my guardians. There was one, my father's mother's brother, that matched in his aspect of beautiful and venerable age the antiquity of his surroundings, with which he had indeed so grown up as to seem to have become a part of their grandeur. Those ancient, grey buildings and the sedate life of the elder members of a university consorted perhaps little with my rosy youthfulness, but I think I was at that age of a gentle, speculative turn, and found a charm in the cloisters and winding river-walks, and even in my uncle's uncomprehended talk. There was a gentle monotony and peace in this life that has ever clung to me. The kind, shy faces of the old students that were my uncle's friends. The orderly quiet of the lattice-windowed house, and the daily services in the beautiful cathedral, made up, as I remember them, these unchildlike visits to my relative. I was told, and heard it with a dim wonder, that he had never for fifty years missed one of those services in his canopied stall in the cathedral. I marvelled, indeed, if the cathedral could itself be so very old.

It was, this cathedral, albeit full of mystery, so very pure and fair, so young with that eternal newness of beauty and poetic association, that perhaps there was the less foolishness in my childish thought. The delicate pillars and carving of the roof, the high arches and monuments, appeared to me to be cut from rich ivory, but a little yellowed. The galleries and small, dark spaces retreating behind rows of pillars that half concealed them were of infinite mystery and import. And there was, immediately in front of my accustomed seat, the periwigged bust of some deceased worthy, and beneath the description of his virtues a great, grinning skull in stone, with feathered wings as of an angel outspread on either side. 'Twas an effigy that caused me much disquiet and curious, half-formed thoughts; vague gleams of meaning struggled athwart my brain, that was overclouded again as the incongruousness of the image appeared

to me, and I was fain to create for it a special class of beings unknown to Scripture or to fairy lore. Such imaginings were, however, lightly dispelled by the flutterings of a starling that through some crevice had penetrated from the outer air into the dark heights of the tower, and must there beat and starve its life out (but this I did not know); or by a lime that leaned and swayed against the pale green glass of a north window, picturing it beautifully. And my heart warmed within me when the sun, moving round, cast from the great rose-window shifting rainbows of glorious color upon the pale stone. I never tired of gazing at this phantasmagoria, and the radiance appeared indeed no passing light but a spirit, the very spirit of the place. A pagan notion this, and yet not, I think, wholly unchristian. For I held it, as I suppose, to be a kind of symbol; not in itself adorable, but a manifestation and type, as it were, of that which, being so, I could yet more hardly comprehend. Such feelings are at the heart of that childish reverence for the mystery of beauty, that some few are happy enough to possess still in later life. Toby Watkins is of the number, but has not the poet's skill in words to reveal in the mirror of his own childlike soul the mystery of our ancient selves.

And then, in the midst of my fancies, such music broke in as it seems to me I have never heard since. Indeed, I was too young to know aught of the sadness of the loveliness we call perfect; and yet in my dark corner I have trembled and wept as that thrilling sweetness pierced through the self I knew and spoke of something infinitely greater and beyond.

'Twas Toby's voice first bore me this celestial message. The little fellow, smaller and younger yet than myself, appeared all that the sentimental are apt to imagine in these little sweet songsters, and his voice was of a rare quality. I never pictured him as possibly dirty-handed, or commonly clothed, and would as soon have thought of "knuckle-boning" with one of those translucent effigies of the apostles as

with this grave young denizen of holy, haunted places.

But, since we were destined very shortly to become intimates, this illusion quickly vanished, and, indeed, he was of parts nothing above the average, except in all that concerned music, wherein young Silver-tongue was to me an oracle and seer. I was put, at the age of twelve, to the same school, that I might be under the protecting eye of my uncle, and found Toby, though dull at books, to have a love for the old city, and, above all, the old cathedral, even greater than mine. I think he imbibed knowledge from the very stones of the place. No one ever saw him read (unless it were a book of poetry, for which he had a passion), and yet when he was in the vein you could perceive that he had a very pleasant store of information. But as for the dry bones of learning, 'twas scarcely to be called aversion that he felt for them; he wanted them not; syntax and theorem were to him uncomprehended fantasies of no possible service to his intelligence, and he never strove to acquire them. Sure, no boy was ever so often and righteously beaten; but nothing could sour the sweetness of his temper, and before he had scrubbed the tears from his little twinkling eyes his yelling laugh would be heard as he devised impish tricks upon his superiors.

We all loved Toby — poor Toby, that never had a penny and never wanted a friend; and I have heard him say that, despite the "*Principia*," and a certain bigoted persistency upon the part of his masters, those were happy days. I look back upon them with a tender melancholy, for methinks one is never truly happy but when the feeling is unconscious. And when in ripe years we gaze across troubled waters, that sheltered harbor where we sailed our little toy-boats glimmers in a mist of sunlight whose gold was distilled in the alembic of perpetual youth, the alembic where hope is fashioned, of which the beams may, if we are fortunate, shed some mild radiance on our hearts even in our grand climacteric.

All the memories of Toby float to me upon a tide of song. Music was his passion; nay, so much the integral part of him that I sometimes thought 'twas his soul itself spoke face to face with those of his hearers in his singing, and the shy spirit then alone stood forth revealed and beautiful, its shabby comical envelope for the moment lost and forgotten. Later, when his voice broke into a mellow tenor, a great career seemed to open before the little prosaic-seeming fellow. Whilst I, now a junior member of the university, still plodded my way dully along the well-worn road of humane letters, this Toby, who was ever the easy butt of our youthful waggeries, was achieving greatness. Success came without his seeking, and where it led he followed gaily; but whatever his business or engagements, each Sunday saw him at the old cathedral, and the echoes caught his voice and hid away the remembrance of its sweetness behind the carven saints and fair tall pillars, as the perfume of a withered rose hangs in the air of a great room. Methinks the spirit of Toby haunts the place.

Whimsical fellow! he came to me one day with a tale of love which I, ever regarding him as but a boy, received with mock solemnity, the quips and odd enthusiasm of the narrator half warranting such an interpretation. And, lest I should be too much blamed in the matter, I must confess that about this time I was myself in love, and so perhaps more dull than my wont with my friends. However, I did not speak of it, being a thing foreign to my naturally shy and cold temper, although Toby, I think from his very diverse-ness, was among the chief of my intimates. As boys we had sworn a pact of eternal brotherhood, with mystical rites of his own devising. I see him now in his little ragged gown, his countenance full of that quaint earnestness no one ever took for earnest in him, when by the names of Saul and Jonathan, by every fair friendship in classic legend or history, by the twin towers of All Souls, and over the halves of a broken sixpence, we took a vow of

more than brotherly affection. "Never shall one of us be rich and see the other want!" cries Toby. "Whilst I have an orange left, there's a squeeze in it for thee!" And as I began to grin he holds up his hand very gravely (Parson Toby we nicknamed him then) and goes on with his harangue. "May the shade of Julius Cæsar dog my traitorous footsteps," says he in his shrill tones, "if ever I knowingly cross thee in commerce or in love;" and then he made solemn obeisance, for his notions were very high-flown from his readings in the poets, and he always mentioned the "little god" in a reverent manner. I repeated these and other words after him as he bade me, not without a feeling for the gravity of the occasion; for through all his ranting talk ran a fibre of definite meaning and resolve that neither of us, I think, forgot.

But I am to speak now of that other love that so strangely took hold of us both at much about the same season, but working, as it proved, to ends so sadly diverse. Toby had a sort of whimsical extravagant way which I took for a sign of lightness in him, and 'twas thence he never so much as disclosed to me the name of the fair one. "She is all perfection," said he; "beautiful exceedingly, like a rosebud in an old weed-grown garden." "O poetical Toby!" cried I, mocking him. "And hast thou spoken this exalted love of thine to thy divinity?" "Pooh," says he, "words, words! Nay, she is one of the elect" (he spoke, as one may say, musically), "and our communications are of a more lofty sort. I sing to her, sir, to her and for her alone; and she answers me with such looks—so subtle a spiritual sympathy shines in her angel-face. Why, she's my inspiration, sir; without her I were a mere wandering voice wanting a spirit. Music is indeed the voice of love; the only perfect expression of the great passion"—and so he rambled on. Toby was not crazed, as some were apt to think, but had a very rare and vivid imagination, fancied objects and ideal passions often becom-

ing far more real to him than what we are pleased to call substantial fact; and I am not sure but this gift was the cause of his misfortunes. It was indeed a very pure ennobling imagination, and made him see his friends as children look upon giants and heroes of old time. They walked in more than mortal stature, gifted with superhuman virtues; but should a rift be torn in this luminous atmosphere and some petty meanness in the man be revealed—why, this was an almost uncomprehended sorrow to Toby. And I think that round the fair unknown the glorifying mist grew and grew about her, until all his being lay prostrate and adoring at the feet of so much excellence. Nay, I even think it possible that she was not at all aware of his passion; and that high intelligence he supposed between them, that secret communion in an unwritten language of the soul, that blessed progress of mutual love which ripened in him a thousand extravagances of happiness, were all no more than a fervid poetic dream. Ah, such a dream as one here and there has realized! such an allusion as the breaking up of it has not seldom broken in silence a passionate heart!

I did not indeed guess so much as this until long after. From a little humorous vengeance, and perhaps some natural reserve, I kept my own sober romance a yet closer secret, but not without hugging the thought of Toby's surprise and admiration when he should be informed of it.

II.

Now the lives of us both had gone so far happily; no great heart-shakings beyond that first sweet rage of love, and 'twas a good time and wholesome to look back upon. We thought it should last forever, only the vague gleam of promise become a constant steady light of perfect bliss. But a change came which I must tell you of, though it fill me with the perplexity and almost the grief these long-past events occasioned at the time. I think I said that during the week Toby was

mostly away, making himself a name by his singing in almost every great city of the kingdom; but each Sunday he was in his place among the choristers of the old cathedral, and for the rest of that day we were used to be much together. Lively is the remembrance of our cheerful suppers. Truly there was a flavor about such bachelor entertainments, modest *noctes ambrosiæ*. We had a lightness of heart then that surmounted every obstacle to a careless unthinking felicity, an ardor in talk, a harmless enthusiasm for certain sweetly compounded liquors, an antiquated love for a rank churchwarden pipe — 'tis all past.

I come now to a Sunday, the day of my betrothal. It was but a word on the road to church, a question answered by a look, a pressure of the little hand that lay upon my arm, and we two were, I dare say, the happiest people in the cathedral that day. Behind our seat was a great stone pillar, so that we were hid from view that way, and when every one stood up listening to the anthem I took out the flower I had in my coat, being a sweet-briar rose, and gave it to her, and she took it with a shy blush and laid it between the leaves of her hymn-book. No one observed us, except indeed Toby, who was gazing upon us intently from his place in the choir, where he stood in readiness to sing the solo. Methought, from our position and his look, Toby had guessed the whole; for I had never before had the privilege to sit beside her. Truly that was the sweetest voice I ever heard in man or woman, and there was a quality in it that day that brought the tears to my eyes. My companion too was not unmoved. It died in such a wail of piercing sorrow, yet chastened and infinitely sweet, as even now seems to echo down to meet me when I tread those lone, grey aisles. Indeed I think sometimes sounds also have their ghosts.

In the evening I prepared for Toby a little more sumptuously than my wont. I could not recall a Sunday that he had not passed those hours with

me, and although the fine weather had changed to a pouring rain and wind that sounded more like November than June, this did not much discompose me, for such things were not apt to stand in his way. Yet to-night no tap came upon the glass and no voice asked mockingly if Master Hodge were within; and to-night, of all nights of the year, this defection cut me strangely. I was in that state when a man has an uncontrolled desire to speak all his thoughts into some friendly ear, and found myself deserted by this intended recipient, my candles burned down, and all the little festive preparations chiding me with their inadequateness and futility. So I went to bed with a twinge of disappointment at so unmeaning an end to a memorable day.

It was not till the morning, over my breakfast, that a ghost visited me. It was so white and wan a creature, with a voice thick and difficult in the utterance and soaked muddy clothes, that as it stood there in the entrance before me, and a score of little streams dripped from it upon the carpet, I swear that for a moment's space I did not know it for Toby; and then my first thought of him was an evil one. I jumped up and gripped him by the two shoulders, looking seriously down into his eyes, that were indeed dilated and bright but had no wildness in them, only an extreme mournfulness, and a sort of shrinking from me that was new, and seemed to go through my heart as no words ever could.

"Where did you sleep, Toby?" cried I hastily.

"Sleep!" said he, with that little oratorical gesture and emphasis he was apt to affect. "Who speaks of sleep? Thou hast murdered sleep! Nay," said he, with a sudden change of aspect, "give me some breakfast, and I'll e'en forgive thee." And, with a perverse refusal to strip himself of so much as his wet coat, he set himself down, but made a poor figure at the meal. He was full of talk, and that all of our schooldays and boyish friendship. "Do you remember," cried he,

"how you challenged all the school on my behoof, burly Hodge? ay, and the bannocks my good worthy aunt used to send me from Edinburgh? Little of them should I have tasted but for your protection. Oh, there's a hundred good offices you did me that all rise up before me to-day, and 'tis to my shame I never gave them a thought before. Friendship should not be all of one side; but I will try to repay it. You have not forgot that solemn covenant?" said he, as it were suspiciously.

"No," said I, in some wonder; "and I hope you do not believe, Toby, that I would belie it."

He caught my hand. "Never!" cried he. "And here again I swear that your interests shall be dearer to me than my own; and though to stand aside should cost me life itself, never will I stretch so much as a finger to bar aught that concerns your happiness!"

"Toby," said I, "thou art a good fellow," and laid my arm about his shoulder affectionately, as we used when we were boys together. And he, gazing at me for a moment in a sort of bewildered surprise, turned aside and fell into a storm of weeping.

These things were the forerunners of a serious illness for my dear little friend. 'Twas curious, and to me most moving, that all through the ravings of his sickness he spoke continually of myself, and, his mind running I suppose on our childish pact, would have it that for my sake he had made some great sacrifice, but I was never to know of it. Poor Toby! I doubt not but he was capable of it, had the occasion arisen. But, since my presence seemed to discompose him, I was not permitted to be much with him then, nor indeed until he was far on the road to health. That it was some great trouble of mind that first disordered him, some downfall of high hopes and bitter disappointment, and upon that a night almost of madness and reckless exposure to rain and storm, I could never doubt; nor yet that, as in most of our troubles, a woman was to blame for some treachery or perhaps unconscious ill-treatment of him. But fur-

ther he has never confided in me, and though I must own that this, coming from him, has sometimes cut me a little, yet there is that in his condition now he is recovered that must needs redouble all our love and tenderest solicitude.

Alas for the beautiful voice that had borne its message of purity and consolation to so many a heart! Toby indeed recovered, and, though after many months, resumed much about his former aspect, only older; but our sweet singer is become a dream of the past, and that voice was never heard again, or at least but as so faint a ghost of its former self as is far more pathetic. Ever as before he takes his place in the choir, but there is no thrill now when Toby rises; no one marks him. Even his past success is forgotten, and this is as he would have it. He is one of the meanest among the chorus, turning his eyes to a new star, sweet-tempered and whimsical — the same Toby. He gains a sufficient livelihood by the giving of music-lessons, for his career is over.

The same, I said — ay, but to me there was a difference, and a trouble between us that time hath happily removed wholly. I doubt not it was some lingering disorder from his late sickness made him refuse all mention of my marriage, and even decline to see the lady that was to be my wife; and this was the more strange, since she had long known him, and was a great admirer of his talent. But all such pettish freaks are long since passed away, and we have now no friend in the world more constant nor more beloved than Toby.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

THESE stray recollections had been written, laid aside, and forgotten years back, but coming upon them lately when all have faded to a dim perspective I am moved to add one more to their number.

I remember some years after these events a winter's evening that the little chorister was at our house. He sat at the piano, and strains of music old and

new seemed to flow from his hands, now mournful, then again gay and furious, as it were at haphazard. My little girl stood beside him with a face of delight.

"Come, dance!" cried my wife as the music waxed merrier, and the child sprang up and began a wild gipsy step among the gleams and shadows of the room. It was one of those moments that, from no actual importance in the action, become fixed and remain engraven as an ineffaceable picture on the memory. The fairy music of the old "Snuff-box Waltz" (that changed after, but I scarce knew how, to the stately "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn), the warm air laden with the scent of narcissus, the shaded yellow light, the faint odor of tea—any of these things would in after years bring back the whole scene to my mind, and I saw the bright-eyed child in her white pinafore capering with impish smiles of glee, while the terrier-pup yapped and rushed at her flying feet, and that fair-haired lady laughed over her knitting at the couple. The child ended in a shriek of exhausted mirth and flung herself upon the couch, and the music grew softer and died away, and presently changed into Chopin's "Funeral March." "Some have no wedding-march in their lives," said he, with a queer look as he got up from the piano, and my little daughter laughed gaily at his odd grimace.

I think my children loved him, but always met his sallies with laughter, as indeed all the world did that knew nothing of the history of the little round-faced music-master. But I ever felt that in some unexplained way his life was wrecked. In my house he was always welcome, and in playing with my innocent young ones I think he found some of that happy home life he had so sadly missed.

All that winter he had been somewhat ailing, but, as so often happens, it was not till spring came that he began to look very thin and worn. My wife persuaded him on a Sunday in May, for the first time since that illness of his, not to take his place in the

choir. But he accompanied us to church in the afternoon, and sat beside her in the pew, joining in the chants in a thin, sweet voice. There was a strange oppression in the air that day, and the clouds were so dark and heavy that the cathedral was lighted as if for an evening service, although the days were long and light. The conflicting shadows and wavering lights gave to that beautiful place a solemn, unearthly look neither of night nor day, the dim illumination scarce seeming to proceed from either of its visible sources. It was a pretty coincidence that at the very instant the reader came to the words "Lighten our darkness" a flood of sunlight burst of a sudden through the great rose-window, the tapers seemed to burn dim, and the gloom dissolved like a noxious vapor. My wife nudged me, and we looked at our companion. His face was hid in his knotted hands, and full upon them and his bald head fell that shifting radiance that to my poetic, childish vision had seemed so mysterious a symbol of unspeakable things. His little bent figure was bathed in warm rainbow hues; its homeliness was forgotten, and Toby was transfigured. I fancied he started slightly as the words of the anthem were read, and when we all stood up he remained upon his knees.

"Do you remember this?" whispered my wife, and to be sure it was the very same we had the Sunday of our betrothal—the last solo Toby ever sang. I held my wife's dear hand till those thrilling notes died away; and even then Toby still knelt beside us.

"Look, look, Toby is asleep!" whispered my little girl, and at that both the children began to laugh. I leaned over and touched his shoulder to arouse him, a little fearful lest he might be ill. The light upon him shone gloriously, touching every thread of his shabby coat to gold. Toby was dead.

Poor Toby! Pure soul! His secret died with him. The rainbow light falls upon his grave of sunny afternoons, turning the white flowers that my chil-

dren lay upon it to a posy of glowing hues. So beautiful and transparent, methinks, were the stains that in this world fell upon the character of my dear old friend.

From *The Nineteenth Century*.

THE HADRAMUT: A JOURNEY IN
SOUTHERN ARABIA.

BETWEEN Aden and Maskat, Mokalla is the only spot which has any pretensions to be called a seaport town. It is three hundred miles from Aden, and here we were deposited last December by a chance steamer, to begin our journey to the Hadramut valley, which anciently was the centre of the frankincense and myrrh trade, one of the most famed commercial centres of Araby the Blest, before Mohammedan fanaticism blighted all industries and closed the peninsula to the outer world.

Immediately behind Mokalla rise grim, arid mountains of a reddish hue, and the town is plastered against this rich-tinged background. By the shore, like a lighthouse, stands the white minaret of the mosque, the walls and pinnacles of which are covered with dense masses of seabirds and pigeons; not far from this the huge palace where the sultan dwells reminds one of a whitewashed mill with a lace-like parapet; white, red, and brown are the dominant colors of the town, and in the harbor the Arab dhows with fantastic sterns rock to and fro in the unsteady sea, forming altogether a picturesque and unusual scene. Nominally Mokalla is ruled over by a sultan of the Al Kaiti family, whose connection with India has made them very English in their sympathies, and his Majesty's general appearance, with his velvet coat and jewelled daggers, is far more Indian than Arabian. Really the most influential people in the town are the money-grubbing Parsees from Bombay, and it is essentially one of those commercial centres where Hindustani is spoken nearly as much as Arabian. We were lodged in a so-called palace hard by the bazaar, which reeked with

mysterious smells and was alive with flies; so we worked hard to get our preparations made and to make our sojourn in this uncongenial, burning spot as short as possible.

For our journey inland we were entrusted by the sultan to a tribe of Bedouins and their camels. Mikaic was the name of our *mokadam*, or headman, and his tribe rejoiced in the name of Khailike, all tiny, spare men with long, shaggy hair bound up with leather thongs, very dark, naked save for a loin cloth, and the girdle to which were attached their brass powder-flasks, shaped like a ram's horn, their silver cases for flint and steel, their daggers, and their thorn extractors. They are far different from the stately Bedouin of Syria and Egypt, and are, both as to religion and physique, distinctly an aboriginal race of southern Arabia, as different from the Arab as the Hindu is from the Anglo-Saxon.

Never shall we forget the confusion of our start. Mikaic and ten of his men appeared at seven in the morning in our rooms, and were let loose on our seventy packages like so many devils from hell, yelling and quarrelling with one another, and with all the diseased beggars of Mokalla in their train. First of all the luggage had to be divided into loads for twenty-two camels, then they drew lots for these loads with small sticks, then they drew lots for us riders, and finally we had a stormy bargain as to the price, which, when finally decided upon, was ratified by placing the first two fingers of one contractor on the hand of the other.

We felt worn and weary when a start was made at midday, and our cup of bitterness was full when we were deposited, bag and baggage, a few hundred yards from the gate, and told that we must spend the night amidst a sea of small fish drying on the shore, and surrounded on all sides by dirty Bedouin huts. These fish are put out to dry by thousands along this coast; men feed on them and so do the camels; they make lamp-oil out of them; large sacks of them are taken into the interior as merchandise, and the air is

everywhere redolent with their stench. We had just enough strength of mind to commence the first of many quarrels with our camel-men, and insist on being taken two miles further on away from the smells, where beneath the pleasant shade of some palm-trees we halted for the remainder of the day, and recovered from the agonies of our start.

Three days' camel riding up one of the short valleys which leads towards the high plateau offered little of interest beyond arid rocks and burnt-up, sand-covered valleys. Here and there, where warm volcanic streams rise out of the ground, the wilderness is converted into a luxurious garden, in which palms, tobacco, and other green things grow. One of the scrub trees which clothe the wilderness is called by the Arabs *rack*, and is used by them for cleaning their teeth; it amused us to chew this as we went along—it is slightly bitter, but cleans the teeth most effectually.

Then we entered the narrow, tortuous valley of Howeri, which ascends towards the plateau, in which the mid-day heat was intense; and at our evening halts we suffered not a little from camel ticks, which abound in the sand, until we learnt to avoid old camping-grounds, and not to pitch our tents in the immediate vicinity of the wells. There are two villages at the head of the Wadi Howeri, where there is actually a *ghail*—that rare phenomenon in Arabia, a running stream. Here the Bedouin inhabitants cultivate the date palm, and have green patches of lucerne and grain, very refreshing to the eye. At Al Bat-ha we actually reposed under a spreading tree, a wild, unedible fig called *Luthba* by the Arabs, a nickname given to all worthless, idle individuals in these parts. Bedouin women crowded around us, closely veiled in indigo-dyed masks, with narrow slits for their eyes, carrying their babies with them in rude cradles resembling hencoops, with a cluster of charms hung from the top, which has the twofold advantage of amusing the baby and keeping off the evil eye.

After much persuasion we induced one of the good ladies to sit for her photograph, or rather to sit still whilst something was being done which she did not in the least understand.

Leaving these villages behind us, we climbed rapidly higher and higher, until, at an elevation of over five thousand feet, we found ourselves at last on a broad, level plateau, stretching as far as the eye could reach in every direction, and shutting off the Hadramut from the coast. This is the *mons excelsus* of Pliny;¹ here we have the vast area where once flourished the frankincense and the myrrh. Of the latter shrub there is plenty left, and it is still tapped for its odoriferous sap; but of the former we only saw one specimen on the plateau, for in the lapse of ages the wealth of this country has steadily disappeared; further east, however, in the Mahri country, there is, I understand, a considerable quantity left.

Words cannot express the desolate aspect of this vast plateau. *Akaba*, or "the going up," as the Arabs call it, is exclusively Bedouin property, and wherever there is a little herbage to be found, thither the nomads drive their flocks and young camels; there is no sign of habitation over its whole expanse; only here and there a few tanks are dug to collect rain water if any falls, but the air is fresh and invigorating after the excessive heat of the valleys below. After travelling along this plateau for three days, we at length reached the valley system which centres in the broad Hadramut. To the south and to the north of the main valley are cut out of this plateau, like slices out of a cake, numerous collateral branches, deep, narrow, and straight. From all points of the plateau the descent into them is precipitous, and on either side of them rise these red stratified walls nearly a thousand feet high.

Our first peep down into the Wadi Al Aisa, towards which our Bedouins

¹ Pliny, xii, 14, § 52: "In medio Arabiæ fere sunt Adramitæ pagus Sabæorum in monte excelso."

had conducted us, was striking in the extreme, and as we gazed down into the narrow valley with its line of vegetation and numerous villages, we felt as if we were on the edge of another world. It had not been our intention to visit the Wadi Al Aisa, but to approach the Hadramut by another valley called Dowan; but our camel-men would not take us that way, and purposely got up a scare that the men of Khoreba at the head of Wadi Dowan were going to attack us, and would refuse to let us pass. A convenient old woman was found who professed to bring this news, a dodge subsequently resorted to by another Bedouin tribe which wanted to govern our progress. So we humbly descended into the Wadi Al Aisa, and found ourselves encamped hard by the village of Khaileh, the headquarters of the Khaile-like tribe, within a stone's throw of Mikaic's father's house and under the shadow of the castle of his uncle, who is the sheikh of the tribe. These worthies both extorted from us substantial sums of money and sold us food at exorbitant prices, and thus it was that we learnt why we were not permitted to go to Khoreba, and why the old woman and her story had been produced.

We thought Mikaic and his men little better than naked savages when on the plateau, but when we were introduced to their relatives, and when we saw their castles and their palm groves and their long line of gardens in the narrow valley, our preconceived notions of the wild, homeless Bedouin and his poverty underwent considerable change. During the two days we encamped at Khaileh we were gazed upon uninterruptedly by a relentless crowd of men, women, and children. It amused us at first to see the women here for the most part unmasked, with their exceedingly heavy girdles of brass, their anklets of brass half a foot deep, their bracelets of brass, their iron nose rings, and their massive and numerous earrings which tore down the lobe of the ear with their weight. Every Bedouin, male or female, has a ring or charm of

cornelian set in base silver, and agates and small tusks also set in silver. Not far from Khaileh we saw a fine village which we were told was inhabited by Arabs of pure blood, so we sent a polite message to the seyyid, or headman of the place, to ask if we might pay him our respects. His reply was to the effect that if we paid thirty dollars we might come and pass four hours in his town. Needless to say, we declined the invitation with thanks, and on the morrow when we marched up the Wadi Al Aisa we gave the abode of this hospitable seyyid a wide berth.

Shief was the name of the next village at which we halted for a night, also inhabited by pure Arabs, who treated us with excessive rudeness. It is a very picturesque spot, perched on a rock, with towers and turrets constructed of sun-dried brick; only here, as elsewhere in these valleys, the houses are so exactly the same color as the rock behind them that they lose their effect. The rich have evidently recognized this difficulty and whitewash their houses, but in the poorer villages there is no whitewash, and consequently nothing to make them stand out from their surroundings. Arab girls before they enter the harem and take the veil are a curious sight to behold. Their bodies and faces are dyed a bright yellow with turmeric; on this ground they paint black lines with antimony over their eyes; the fashionable color for the nose is red; green spots adorn the cheek, and the general aspect is grotesque beyond description. My wife tells me that the belles in the sultan's harem are also painted in this fashion, and that they also paint gloves on their hands and shoes on their feet, and thus bedizened hope to secure the affections of their lords. At Shief the men would not allow my wife to approach or hold any intercourse with the Arab women, using opprobrious epithets when she tried to make friendly overtures, with the quaint result that whenever Mrs. Bent advanced towards a group of gazing females they fled precipitately like a flock of sheep before a collie dog. These women wear

their dresses high in front, showing their yellow legs above the knee, and long behind; they are of deep blue cotton decorated with fine embroidery and patches of yellow and red sewn on in pattern. It is the universal female dress in Hadramut, and looks as if the fashion had not changed since the days when Hazarmaveth the patriarch settled in this valley and gave it his name (Gen. x. 28). The tall, tapering straw hat worn by these women when in the fields contributes with the mask to make the Hadrami females as externally repulsive as the most jealous of husbands could desire.

The town of Hajarein is the principal one in the collateral valleys, and is built on a lofty isolated rock in the middle of the Wadi Kasr, about twenty miles before it joins the main valley. With its towers and turrets it recalled to our minds as we saw it in the distance certain hill-set mediæval villages of Germany and Italy. Here a vice-sultan governs on behalf of the Al Kaiti family, an ill-conditioned, extortionate individual, whose bad reception of us contributed to his subsequent removal from office. Internally Hajarein is squalid and dirty in the extreme; each street is but a cesspool for the houses on either side of it, and the house allotted to us produced specimens of most smells and most insects, and the day of rest we proposed for ourselves here was spent in fighting with our old camel-men who left us here, and in fighting with the new ones who were to take us on to the main valley, and in indignantly refusing to pay the sultan the sum of money which our presence in his town led him to think it his right to demand.

During the days we were at Hajarein several weddings were celebrated. To form a suitable place for conviviality they cover over a yard with mats, just as the Abyssinians do, and the women, to show their hilarity on the occasion, utter the same gurgling noises as the Abyssinian women do on a like occasion, and call *ulultû*. From our roof we watched the bridegroom's nocturnal procession to his bride's house,

accompanied by his friends bearing torches, and singing and speechifying to their heart's content. On a subsequent occasion at Ghail ba Wazir our roof happened to command a view of the terrace where a bride and her hand-maidens were making merry with drums and coffee. In spite of the frowns and gesticulations of the order keeper, who flourished her stick at us and bid us begone, we were able to get a peep, forbidden to males, at the blushing bride. She wore on her head large silver bosses like tin plates; her ears were weighed down with jewels, her fingers were straight with rings, and her arms a mass of bracelets up to the elbow, and her breast was hidden by a multiplicity of necklaces. Her face, of course, was painted yellow, with black lines over her eyes and mouth like heavy moustaches reaching to her ears, and from her nose hung something which looked to us like a gold coin. The bride herself evidently had no objection to our presence, but the threatening aspect of her women compelled us reluctantly to retire.

Near Hajarein are many traces of the olden days when the frankincense trade flourished, and when the town of Dowani, which name is still retained in the Wadi Dowan, was a great emporium for this trade. Acres and acres of ruins, dating from the centuries immediately before our era, lie stretched along the valley here, just showing their heads above the weight of superincumbent sand which has invaded and overwhelmed the past glories of this district. The ground lies strewn with fragments of Himyaritic inscriptions, pottery, and other indications of a rich harvest for the excavator, but the hostility of the Nahad tribe prevented us from paying these ruins more than a cursory visit, and even to secure this we had to pay the sheikh of the place nineteen dollars; and his greeting was ominous as he angrily muttered, "Salaam to all who believe Mohammed is the true prophet." The Nahad tribe occupy about ten miles of the valley through which we passed, and the toll-money we paid to this tribe

for the privilege of passing by was the most exorbitant demanded from us on our journey. When once you have paid the toll-money (*siyar*), and have with you the escort (*siyara*) of the tribe, you are practically safe wherever you may travel in Arabia; but this did not prevent us from being grossly insulted as we passed by certain Nahad villages, the inhabitants of which crowded round our camels, calling us "dogs" and "pigs," and bidding us come down, that they might cut our infidel throats. A town called Kaidun is the chief centre of this tribe where dwells a very holy man celebrated all the country round for his miracles and good works. We purposely avoided passing too near this town, and afterwards learnt that it was owing to the influence of this very holy seyyid that our reception was so bad amongst the Nahad tribe. At Assab they would not allow us to dip our vessels in their well, nor take our repast under the shadow of their mosque; even the women of this village ventured to insult us, peeping into our tent at night, and tumbling over the guys in a manner most aggravating to the weary occupants.

Our troubles on this score were happily terminated at Haura, where a huge castle belonging to the Al Kaiti family dominates a humble village surrounded by palm groves. Without photographs to bear out my statement, I should hardly dare to describe the magnificence of these castles in the Hadramut. That at Haura is seven stories high, and covers fully an acre of ground beneath the beetling cliff, with battlements, towers, and machicolations bearing a striking likeness to Holyrood. But Holyrood is built of stone, and Haura, save for the first story, is built of sun-dried bricks; and if Haura stood where Holyrood does, or in any other country save dry, arid Arabia, it would long ago have melted away. The vice-sultan of Haura received us right well, and immediately gave us hot spiced coffee in his spacious guest-hall, and sent kids to our camp as a present, for we were now nearing the

palace of Sultan Salah bin Mohammad Al Kaiti of Shibahm, the most powerful monarch in the Hadramut, who has spent twelve years of his life in India, and whose reception of us was going to be magnificent, our escort told us.

The day after leaving Haura we entered the main valley, and were then in the Hadramut proper, for this name is only used by the natives to indicate the most inhabited portion of the big main valley, and is never applied by them to the collateral valleys, the plateau, or the coast line. At the village of Alimanieh, where we entered the main valley, it is very broad, eight miles at least from cliff to cliff, receiving at this point collateral valleys from all sides, which form a basin in its midst. Until we were within a mile of the castle of Al Katan, where the sultan of Shibahm resides, all was desert and sand, but suddenly the valley narrows, and a long vista of cultivation was spread before us. Here miles of the valley are covered with palm groves, bright green patches of lucerne, almost dazzling to look upon after the arid waste, and numerous other kinds of grain are raised by irrigation, for the Hadramut has beneath its expanse of sand a river running, the waters of which are obtained by digging deep wells. Skin buckets are let down by ropes and drawn up by cattle by means of a steep slope, and then the water is distributed for cultivation by narrow channels; it is at best a fierce struggle with nature to produce these crops, for the rainfall can never be depended upon. Sultan Salah sent a messenger to beg us not to arrive till the following morning, that his reception of us might be suitable to our dignity, as the first English travellers to visit his domains. So we encamped just outside the cultivation, and were soon visited by the sultan's two viziers, magnificent individuals mounted on spirited Arab steeds, with plaided turbans, long lances, and many gold mohrs fixed on to their dagger handles, all of which argued well for our reception on the morrow by the sultan of Shibahm.

Like a fairy palace of the Arabian

Nights, white as a wedding-cake and with as many battlements and pinnacles, with its windows painted red and its balustrades decorated with the inevitable chevron pattern, the palace of Al Katan rears its battlemented towers above the neighboring brown houses and expanse of palm groves; behind it rise the steep red rocks of the encircling mountains, the whole forming a scene of Oriental loveliness difficult to describe in words. We were mounted on horses sent expressly by the sultan, and as we approached *feux de joie* announced our arrival, and at his gate stood Sultan Salah to greet us, clad in a long robe of canary-colored silk, and with a white silk turban twisted around his swarthy brow. He is a large, stout man, negroid in type, for his mother was a slave, and he is generous as he is large, to Arab and European alike. He placed at our disposal a room spread with Oriental carpets and cushions, and not a mouthful of our own food would he allow us to touch, a hospitality which had its drawbacks, for the Arab cuisine is not one suited to Western palates. After struggling for some days with soups of oil, vegetables, and spices, with ill-cooked rice flavored with a nasty nut, with dry meat and bread like leather, we were at length compelled to humbly crave his Majesty to allow us to employ our own cook. This he graciously permitted, and during the three weeks we passed under his hospitable roof our cook was daily supplied by the sultana—a most excellent housewife we thought her—with everything we needed.

One of the most striking features of these Arabian palaces is the wood-carving. The doors are exquisitely decorated with intricate patterns, and with a text out of the Koran carved on the lintel; the locks and keys are all of wood, and form a study for the carver's art, as do the cupboards, the niches, the supporting beams, and the windows, which are adorned with fretwork instead of glass. The dwelling-rooms are above, the ground floor being exclusively used for merchandise, and the first floor for the domestics. We

lived on the second floor, and the next two stories were occupied by the sultan and his family, and above was the terraced roof where the family sleep during the summer heat. Every guest room has its coffee corner, provided with a carved oven, where the grain is roasted and the water boiled; around are hung old china dishes for spices, brass dishes for the cups, and fans to keep off the flies; also the carved censers, in which frankincense is burnt and handed round to the guests, each one of whom fumigates his garments with it before passing it on. It is also customary to fumigate with frankincense a tumbler before putting water into it, a process we did not altogether relish, as it imparts a sickly flavor to the fluid.

We got very friendly with Sultan Salah during our long stay under his roof, and he would come and sit for hours together in our room and talk over his affairs. He took special interest in our pursuits, conducting us in person to archaeological sites, and manifesting a laudable desire to have his photograph taken. He assisted both our botanist and naturalist in pursuing their investigations into the somewhat limited flora and fauna of his dominions, and he would freely discourse, too, on his own domestic affairs, giving us anything but a pleasing picture of Arab harem life, which he described as "a veritable hell." Whenever he saw my wife working or developing photographs, he would smile sadly and contrast her capacities with those of his own wives, who, as he expressed it, "are capable of nothing but painting themselves and quarrelling." Poor Sultan Salah has had twelve wives in his day, and he assured us that their dissensions and backbitings had made him grow old before his time; he looked sixty, but only confessed to forty-six, so the balance must be put down to the cares of polygamy. At Al Katan the sultan has at present only two properly acknowledged wives, whom he wisely keeps apart; his chief wife, or sultana, is sister to the sultan of Mokalla, and the sultan of

Mokalla is married to a daughter of Sultan Salah by another wife. In this way do Arabic relationships get hopelessly mixed. This lady's influence is considerable, and he is obviously in awe of her—so much so, that when he wants to visit his other wife he has to invent a story of pressing business at Shibahm. "Our wives," said he one day, "are all like servants, and try to get all out of us they can; they have no interest in their husband's property, as they know they may be sent away at any time." And in this remark he seems to have properly hit off the chief evil of polygamy.

Then, again, he would continually lament over the fanaticism and folly of his fellow-countrymen, who systematically oppose all his attempts at introducing improvements from civilized countries; more especially the priestly element in the Hadramut, the seyyids and the mollahs dislike him—the former, who trace their descent from the daughter of Mohammed, forming a sort of hierarchical nobility in this district; and on several occasions he has been publicly cursed in the mosques as an unbeliever and friend of the infidel. But Sultan Salah has money which he made in India, and owns property in Bombay; consequently he has the most important weapon to wield that any one can have in a Semitic country.

"Before I went to India I was a rascal (*harami*) like these men here," he constantly asseverated; and his love for things Indian and English is unbounded. "If only the Indian government would send me a Mohammedan doctor here, I would pay his expenses, and his influence, both political and social, would be most beneficial to this country." It is certainly a great thing for England to have so firm a friend in the centre of the narrow habitable coast-line between Aden and Muscat, which ought by rights to be ours—not that it is a very profitable country to possess, but in the hands of another power it might unpleasantly affect our road to India, and in complying with this simple request

of Sultan Salah's an easy way is open to us for extending our influence in that direction.

Likewise, from a humane point of view, this suggestion of Sultan Salah's is of great value, for the inhabitants of the Hadramut are more hopelessly ignorant of things medical than some of the savage tribes of Africa. Certain quacks dwell in the towns, and profess to diagnose the ailments of a Bedouin woman by smelling one of her hairs brought by her husband. For every pain, no matter where, they brand the patient with a red-hot iron; to relieve a person who has eaten too much fat, they will light a fire around him to melt it; to heal a wound they will plug up the nostrils of the sufferer, believing that certain scents are noxious to the sore. We had crowds of patients to treat whilst stationed at Al Katan, and I have entered quantities of quaint experiences with these poor, helpless invalids in my note-book.

Once, however, the Arabs had a good laugh at the expense of three members of our party. One morning our botanist went forth in quest of plants and found a castor-oil tree, the berries of which pleased him exceedingly. Unwilling to keep so rare a treat for himself, he brought home some branches of the tree, and placed the delicacy before two of our servants, who also partook heartily. Terrible was the anguish of the two victims, which was increased by the Arabs, veritable descendants of Job's comforters, who told them they were sure to die, as camels did which ate these berries. The botanist did not succumb as soon as the others, who vowed vengeance on his head if they should recover; to our great relief, the botanist was at last seized, and thereby proved his innocence of a practical joke, and three more miserable men I never saw for the space of several hours. However, they were better, though prostrate, next day, and for some time to come the popular joke was to imitate the noises and contortions of the sufferers during their anguish.

We had many an interesting stroll

round the sultan's gardens at Al Katan, and watched the cultivation of spices and vegetables for the royal table, or rather floor; the lucerne and clover for his cattle, the indigo and henna for dyeing purposes, and the various kinds of grain; but on the cultivation of the date palm the most attention is lavished, and it was just then the season at which the female spathe has to be fructified with the male pollen, and we watched with interest a man going round with an apron full of male spathes. With these he climbed the stem of the female palm, and with a knife cut open the bark which encircles the female spathe, and as he shook the male pollen over it he chanted in a low voice, "May God make you grow and be fruitful." No portion of the palm is wasted in the Hadramut; with the leaves they thatch huts and make fences, the date stones are ground into powder as food for cattle, and they eat the nutty part which grows at the bottom of the spathes, and which they call *kourzan*. On a journey a man requires nothing but a skin of dates, which will last him for days; and when we left, Sultan Salah gave us three goat-skins filled with his best dates and large tins of his delicious honey, for which the Hadramut was celebrated as far back as Pliny's time.¹

Innumerable wells are dotted over this cultivated area, the water from which is distributed over the fields before sunrise and after sunset. The delicious creaking noise made by heaving up the buckets greeted us every morning when we woke, and these early morning views were truly exquisite. A bright crimson tinge would gradually creep over the encircling mountains, making the parts in shade of a rich purple hue, against which the feathery palm-trees and whitewashed castles stood out in strong contrast. All the animals belonging to the sultan are stabled within the encircling wall, and immediately beneath the palace windows; the horses' stable is in the open courtyard, where they are fed

with fresh lucerne and dates where we should give corn. Here too reside the cows and bullocks, which are fed every evening by women, who tie together bunches of dried grass and make it appetizing by mixing therewith a few blades of fresh lucerne; the sheep and the goats are penned on another side, whilst the cocks and hens live in and around the main drain. All is truly patriarchal in character.

Outside the cultivation in its arid waste of sand the Hadramut produces but little; now and again we came across groups of the camel thorn, tall trees somewhat resembling the holm oak. It is in Arabic a most complicated tree. Its fruit, like a small crab apple, is called *b'dom*, very refreshing, and making an excellent preserve; its leaves, out of which they make soap, are called *ghasl*, whereas the tree itself is called *ailb*, and it is dearly loved by the camels, which stretch their long necks to feed off its topmost branches.

Sultan Salah arranged several interesting excursions for us during our stay at Al Katan. One of these, which lasted five days, was up the Wadi Ser to the north of the main valley, which led us to the confines of the great central desert of Arabia, during which we had interesting experiences of the wild Bedouin life, and visited one of their own peculiar sacred places which is in this valley, the tomb of the prophet Saleh, which is forty feet long; he was a giant, they said, and the worker of many miracles in his day. We also found interesting remains of an old Himyaritic town in the Wadi Ser, as we did at two other points to which our good-natured sultan sent us.

Then he sent us to reside for five more days in his capital of Shibahm, which is twelve miles distant from Al Katan, and is one of the principal towns in the Hadramut valley. It is built on rising ground in the centre of the narrowest point of the valley, so that no one can pass between it and the cliffs of the valley out of gunshot of the walls. The rising ground has doubtless been produced by many generations of towns built of sun-dried

¹ Pliny, vi. 28, § 161.

bricks, for it is the best strategical point in the neighborhood. Early Arab writers tell us that the Himyarite population of this district came here when they abandoned their capital at Sabota, or Shabwa, further up the valley, early in our era, but we found evident traces of an earlier occupation than this—an inscription and a seal with the name "Shibahm" engraved on it, which cannot be later than the third century B.C. And as a point for making up the caravans which started from the frankincense-growing district, Shibahm must always have been very important.

The town of Shibahm offers a curious appearance as you approach; above its mud-brick walls with bastions and watch-towers appear the tall, white-washed houses of the wealthy, which make it look like a large round cake with sugar on it. Outside the walls several industries are carried on, the chief of which is the manufacture of indigo dye. The small leaves are dried in the sun and powdered and then put into huge jars—which reminded us of the Forty Thieves—filled with water. Next morning these are stirred with long poles, producing a dark blue frothy mixture; this is left to settle, and then the indigo is taken from the bottom and spread out on cloths to drain; the substance thus procured is taken home and mixed with dates and saltpetre. Four pounds of this indigo to a gallon of water makes the requisite and universally used dye for garments, the better class of which are calendered by beating them with wooden hammers on stones.

Another industry carried on outside Shibahm is making ropes out of the fibres of the fan palm, which grows wild in the narrower valleys; the leaves are first left to soak in water and then beaten till the fibres separate. Yet another is that of making lime for whitewash in kilns; it is curious to watch the Bedouins beating the lime thus produced with long sticks, singing quaint little ditties as they thump in pleasant harmony to the beating of their sticks. The Bedouins are rather

clever at impromptu verses, and when we were in the Wadi Ser they made night hideous by dancing in our camp. The performers ranged themselves in two rows, as in Sir Roger; time is kept by a drum and by perpetual hand-clapping and stamping of the feet, whilst two men execute elaborate capers in the centre, singing as they do such words as these, "The ship has come from Europe with merchandise; they shot at the minaret with a thousand cannon." Bedouin women also take part in these dances, and the Arabs think them very impious; it was very weird by the light of the moon and the camp-fire, but wearisome when we wanted to sleep.

We were lodged at Shibahm in a huge palace eight stories high, with spacious rooms richly decorated with carving, and looking out on the square, where there is now a ruined mosque and a huge puddle, into which the surrounding houses drain; and it is a proof of the scarcity of water in this part of Arabia that they carefully carry this filthy fluid away in skins to make bricks with. In fact, it scarcely ever rains in the Hadramut; for two years prior to our visit they had not had any rain; but nevertheless, where irrigation is not employed, they prepare the ground for cultivation every year in the hopes of rain, scraping off the surface sand which has accumulated with wooden boxes drawn by camels, and slightly ploughing it; and then if it rains the crop in one year is so good that it will last them for three of drought—a sufficient proof of the fertility of this soil, were it not for the want of water and that arch-enemy, the desert sand, which comes down upon it in huge clouds whenever the north wind blows.

From the roof of our lofty palace we had an excellent view straight up the broad Hadramut valley, dotted with towns, villages, palm groves, and cultivation for fully thirty miles, embracing the two towns of Siwoun and Terim, ruled over by two brother sultans of the Kattiri tribe. Close to Shibahm several collateral valleys from north

and south fall into the Hadramut; and a glance at the map made by our cartographer, Iman Sharif Khan Bahadur, will at once show the importance of this situation.

The inhabitants of Shibahm were not at all amicably disposed to us. On the day of our arrival I ventured with two of the sultan's soldiers into the bazaar and through the narrow streets, but only this once, for the people of Shibahm crowded round me, yelled at me, and insulted me, trying their best to trip me up and impede my progress, and altogether made my investigations so exceedingly disagreeable that I became seriously alarmed for my safety, and never tried to penetrate into the heart of Shibahm again. Altogether I should accredit Shibahm with a population of certainly not less than six thousand souls; there are thirteen mosques in it, and fully six hundred houses, tall and gaunt, to which an average population of ten souls is but a moderate estimate. The slave population of Shibahm is considerable. Many slave families have houses here, and wives of their own; the sultan's soldiers are nearly all slaves or of slave origin, and one of them, Muoffok, who had been one of our escort from Mokalla, took us to his house, where his wife, seated unveiled in her coffee corner, dispensed refreshments to quite a large party there assembled, whilst Muoffok discoursed sweet music to us on a mandoline and a flute made out of the two bones of an eagle placed side by side. The lot of the slaves in the Hadramut is an exceedingly happy one; their work is easy, they are seldom punished, they can amass money and live as ordinary citizens when they have done so; the only grievances they can possibly have, as far as I could see, are that they are obliged to become Mohammedans, whatever their previous persuasion may have been, and they cannot bear purely Arabic names, but are usually known by nicknames generally chosen from some personal peculiarity.

Shibahm is the frontier town of the Yafi tribe, the Kattiri occupying the valley about two miles to the east, and

these two tribes are constantly at war. Sultan Salah's big standard was in one of our dwelling-rooms ready to be unfurled at a moment's notice. He has cannon on his walls pointed in the direction of his enemy — old field-pieces belonging once to the East India Company, the youngest of which bore the date of 1832. From the soldiers we obtained a specimen of the great conch shells they use as trumpets in battle, and which are hung to the girdle of the watchmen, who are always on the lookout to prevent a surprise.

We stayed five days in Shibahm, and on the first three took sundry walks in the neighborhood, but during the last two we never ventured out, as the inhabitants manifested so unfriendly a disposition towards us. After the Friday's prayer in the mosque, a fanatical mollah alluded to our unwelcome presence, and offered up the following prayer three times: "O God! this is contrary to our religion; remove them away!" and two days afterwards his prayer was answered. As we halted at the well outside the town, whilst the various members of our caravan collected, we overheard a woman chide a man for drawing too much water from the well, to which he replied, "We have to wash our town from the infidel this day." Needless to say, we gladly shook the dust of Shibahm off our feet, and returned to the flesh-pots of Al Katan with considerable satisfaction. Of a truth, religion and fanaticism are together so deeply engrained in the Hadrami that anything like friendly intercourse with the people is at present next to impossible.

We delayed several days longer at Al Katan, hoping against hope that the sultans of Siwoun and Terim would grant us permission to pass through their territories, that we might prosecute our investigations further eastwards in the Hadramut. His Majesty of Terim actually did respond to Sultan Salah's letter, and sent us a pressing invitation, as also did the tribes of Tamimi, Menhali, and Amri, who dwell beyond; but the lord of Siwoun, urged on by the seyyids of the Kattiri tribe,

refused to let us pass. We were publicly cursed in the mosque at Siwoun, and under these circumstances it was deemed advisable to return by another road to the coast, taking on our way the Wadis Ben Ali and Adim, both of which are inhabited by the Jabberi tribe, who manifested friendly intentions towards us, and the chief sent his son Talib with an escort to convey us thither. Our departure from Al Katan was almost as serious an affair as our start from Mokalla. Sultan Salah, with the instincts of true hospitality, not only refused to receive remuneration for our entertainment, but loaded us with presents of food for the way and fodder for our animals, intimating that *backshish* to some of his dependents would not be altogether unacceptable. With the object of receiving rewards for their services, the grand viziers, the *munshi* (the scribe), the hall-porter, the water-carriers, the slaves who had waited on us, were all brought in a barefaced manner to our room; as we descended the stairs, expectant menials lined the passages; we had to remember the grooms, the soldiers, and the gardeners. Never again will the irksome custom of tipping be half so appalling as when we left the palace of Sultan Salah.

The next day we had a very tiresome adventure. Starting off early before our caravan, we intended to ascend to the plateau before the heat of midday came on. We were accompanied by a few soldiers, who it turned out did not know the way; and having ridden for an hour and a half up a narrow gorge, with wild figs, wild date, and fan palms growing around us, and really magnificent cliffs seven to eight hundred feet on either side of us—a truly fearful and awe-inspiring place—we suddenly came to an abrupt termination of our valley, and found that unless Sindbad's roc came to our assistance we could not possibly get out of it. Consequently we were regretfully obliged to retrace our steps, but glad of having had an opportunity of seeing one of these valleys to its bitter end. Our caravans and servants were anxiously awaiting

us at a curious spot called Mikadeh, about a quarter of the way up the cliff, where the road which we had missed goes through a natural tunnel about twenty yards long, with lovely pools of rain water preserved in its recesses, with which we eagerly refreshed ourselves. The rest of the ascent to the plateau was marvellously steep. I never could have imagined it possible for camels to ascend the roof-like slope of rock up which they had to clamber for the last fifty yards, and indeed one poor animal did fall, and injured itself so that it had to be unloaded and taken back, whereupon those Bedouins who did not own it heartlessly regretted that it had not been killed, as they would have liked some of its flesh for supper. Just at the end everything had to be unloaded and the camels literally dragged up to the top, while we sat dangling our legs over the cliff. Such yelling and shrieking I never heard amongst the Bedouins, our soldiers and our servants all calling each other rascals, and no one doing more than he could help; and inasmuch as we had about five Salehs, four Umbarreks, and other duplicated names amongst our men, the shouts of "So and so, son of so and so," made us fully realize the clumsiness of Arab nomenclature.

We crossed the plateau next day and descended into the Wadi Ben Ali, and thereby avoided passing through the territory of the hostile Kattiri. At the village of Bazahel, where there is a picturesque modern fort built on an old Himyaritic foundation, Abdullah, chief of the Jabberi, welcomed us to his house. He is much stained with indigo, a very elastic and naked sovereign, who bends his fingers back in a way horrible to behold when he wishes to emphasize his remarks; and as we sat around drinking his coffee, he boasted of his direct descent from Jabber of Hiyal, the friend and councillor of Mohammed, and told us that his family pedigree was safely kept at Terim, with those of all the surrounding tribes of Arabs. Somehow or other we did not care for the Jabberi at all, and for the rest of our journey

to the coast our quarrels with Talib, the son of Abdullah, and the difficulties he would throw in our way were daily sources of annoyance to us.

Then, with the object of again avoiding those hateful Kattiri, we once more ascended to the plateau out of the Wadi Ben Ali, and after two weary marches again descended into the Wadi Adim. On our way we sighted a long caravan of merchants on their way to Shibahm, who were greatly frightened at us, for our friends the Jabberi have a bad reputation for brigandage in these parts. "However, we have nothing to fear," was the consoling remark, "as we have the chief of the robbers with us;" and, perhaps out of deference to us, the caravan was allowed to proceed on its way unmolested.

The Wadi Adim is a long, winding valley, with much more water in it and much more natural vegetation than any of the collateral valleys we had as yet passed through. It penetrates much further into the plateau than the other valleys, and its slope is much more gradual; consequently during the dry season, which it then was, it is the most frequented caravan route to the Hadramut. We met plenty of people coming up, and one day we passed a caravan of one hundred and fifty camels going north, with Hadrami merchants returning from India to enjoy the fruits of their rascality and end their days on the sacred soil of Arabia.

For several days we pursued the course of this valley, and had we known what would befall us as we approached the head of the Wadi Adim, I think nothing would have induced us to take this route. It appears that a very wicked branch of the Hamoumi tribe hold a portion of this valley, and were determined that their enemies, the Jabberi, who stole their cattle and plundered their caravans, should not have the exclusive patronage of the lucrative English travellers on their way to the coast. Consequently, about an hour after leaving our camp one day, our caravan was fired upon as we approached a village. They fired from the fort in the village, and sent six

men with their matchlocks to fire from behind a rock, so that our onward course was impossible. For fully half an hour we halted, uncertain what to do, and then Talib and our soldiers went up to the village under a flag of truce, where they wrangled for some time and we were permitted to pass. What arguments were used we never knew, but I have little doubt that they took the form of a financial compromise. Barely an hour elapsed before another village opened fire upon us, but this time Talib made us pass on, and bid us pay no heed to this unpleasant reception, and as we imagined that they were only firing upon us with blank cartridges we did not feel much alarmed. However, three miles further on another village had to be passed, the inhabitants of which peppered us from their tower with real bullets, one of which hit the ground just in front of Mrs. Bent's horse and another narrowly escaped hitting me. With undignified haste we hurried along until we reached the friendly shelter of some trees, where we held council together, and were forced to accept the consolation of Talib, who assured us that no more danger awaited us; and such mercifully proved to be the case, and the next village at which we halted for the night received us in a more friendly manner. Subsequently, however, that rascal Talib himself, anxious for a day's carouse with a friendly sheikh and to extort more money from us, actually had the impudence to organize an alarm on his own account; and when we insisted on going on and were passing through a narrow, densely wooded gorge, cross fires of blank cartridge were opened upon us, which, needless to say, alarmed us considerably; but eventually we found that our own camel-men had done it under Talib's orders. It was fruitless to try to pass on under these circumstances, so we encamped for the night about two miles beyond the village where Talib and our soldiers were enjoying themselves. After this, every night Talib started fresh alarms of attack to extract more dollars from

us. At one place he told us the hills were full of robbers, and men must be posted to guard us; and our feeling of helplessness made us regularly pay up whatever Talib demanded. However, when we reached the coast at Sheher we got the sultan to arrest him, and he was not released or his gun restored to him until he had returned the money he had extorted. However, no money could repay us for the anxiety of this journey under the protection of the Jabberi, and we quite consider it as the worst experience we have ever undergone in the course of any travels.

Sheher is a detestable place by the sea, set in a wilderness of sand. Once it was the chief commercial port of the Hadramut valley, but now Mokalla has quite superseded it, for Sheher is nothing but an open roadstead and its buildings are now falling into ruins. Ghalib, the eldest son and heir of the chief of the Al Kaiti family, rules here as the viceregent of his father, who is in India as jemadar or general of the Arab troops, chiefly all Hadrami, in the service of the nizamat of Hyderabad. Ghalib is quite an Oriental dandy, who lived a life of some rapidity when in India, so that his father thought it as well to send him to rule in Sheher, where the capabilities for mischief are not so many as at Bombay. He dresses very well in various damask silk coats and faultless trousers; his swords and daggers sparkle with jewels; in his hand he flourishes a golden-headed cane; and, as the water is hard at Sheher, he sends his dirty linen in dhows to Bombay to be washed. He was exceedingly good to us; and as we wanted to go along the coast for about eighty miles to get a sight of the mouth of the Hadramut valley near Saihut, where it empties itself into the Indian Ocean, he arranged that the chief of the dreaded Hamoumi tribe should personally escort us, so that there might be no further doubt about our safety. As the feast of Ramadan was then on, we could get no pious Arab to accompany us; in fact, when not occupied in prayer and nocturnal orgies, our Arabs were now entirely given up to sleep,

and Sheher by day was like a city of the dead. Even the children of Sheher observe Ramadan like their elders, and are provided with a miniature mosque near the chief gateway, not unlike a doll's house, about three feet high and three feet square, all correctly white-washed and with its minaret, which they illuminate at night, and during the holy month of Ramadan they are encouraged to play at mosque.

The Hamoumi tribe occupy all the mountainous district east of Sheher between the Hadramut valley and the sea, and they are reported to be very powerful. One evening when we were strolling along the shore outside the town, amusing ourselves by picking up shells and watching the scavenger crabs which line this coast in myriads, some soldiers ran after us and warned us to return for fear of the Hamoumi. Even Sultan Ghalib himself cannot ride far out of his capital unprotected, but when the chief was with us no danger was to be apprehended, and during the eight days that this expedition along the coast lasted we never had the slightest hitch or difficulty, and parted quite regretfully with the funny, wizened old chief whose power in these parts is so great.

Certainly the coast-line of Arabia bordering the Indian Ocean is the most dreary, barren land I ever saw, getting narrower and narrower as the mountains approach the sea near Saihut. Here and there hot streams bubble up, as at Ghail ba Wazir, Hami, and Dis, enabling the inhabitants to cultivate the land immediately around them; otherwise water is very scarce, though more rain falls here than inland. Near Cape Bagashwa we came upon a long shallow puddle of rain water near which we were to halt for the night; before we could raise the least objection our camels, our horses, and our men were all wallowing in it, and on this water, strongly impregnated with ammonia, we had to subsist for two days, and from drinking this water Mrs. Bent's horse got three leeches in its mouth, which produced a mysterious and alarming bleeding, the cause

for which we did not discover for two days.

Some pastoral Bedouins were encamped near here, whose abodes are the simplest I ever saw—just four posts stuck in the ground with a roof of mats to afford some shelter from the sun. On to this roof they hang their cooking utensils, their only impedimenta when they move. One old woman was boiling a pot of porridge, another was grinding grain on a stone, another was frying little fish on a stick, whilst the men were engaged in picqueting the kids on a rope with a noose round each little neck, and preparing the oil-cakes for their camels. We had just sunlight enough left to photograph them and perpetuate the existence of this most primitive life.

Near the town of Kosair is a curious effusion of basalt stretching along the coast in a continuous black line for miles, jutting out into the sea here and there in small black capes. The Arabs say this basalt represents the ashes of infidel towns; but the Arabs here are very superstitious, and we were confidently told that not a single soul had entered a certain ruin dating from the Persian occupation, up the valley Sirwan behind Kosair, before we visited it, for fear of the jins which inhabit it.

Passing by a small Hamoumi village east of Kosair our nostrils were assailed by a fearful smell, which we discovered arose from a newly made grave in a cemetery, the occupant of which was thus suffered in his or her decay to pollute the atmosphere for yards around. Thankful were we, when our object was attained, to quit the inhospitable shore in a boat from Kosair. We could only get one of the small fishing-boats here used, which are made of planks sewn together with cords. There are only about half-a-dozen of these, and they nestle behind the jutting basaltic rock which forms the tiny port of Kosair about a mile from the town. Near this there is a tall watch-tower and several tombs of saints, around which the fishermen pile their nets, their sailing gear and their treasures, with as much security as if

they were in the strongest storehouse, for from a saint's tomb it would be sacrilege to steal.

Our frail craft took us in sixteen hours back to Sheher, from whence we hired a dhow which, with an excellent wind behind us, took us in four days to Aden with no other discomforts than those incident to every voyage in every Arab dhow. J. THEODORE BENT.

From The Argoey.

BEWITCHED.

I.

RANT at your liking against these last days and "the whole stuffy business of living and dressing, and dining and going to offices"—even in the Metropolitan Postal Districts the great notes sound now and again in some man's ears, and though that man may essay to hide him in the deep clefts and caves of the daily round of custom and the commonplace, yet Love and Hate and Sorrow and the great black terrors of life will find him out.

That or something like it Firebras said when he told me in what wise a shuddering terror came to Middlemist Calverley in the West Central District, and abode with him there for the space of three weeks. Firebras told it me as though it had happened to some one I didn't know, a long time since; but I heard one or two trifling bits of the story from Calverley himself, and from his manner I judged that the whole thing must have happened only the other day, and that the man it happened to was Calverley.

Firebras knows a good many queer stories. He is a delightful person, but he does sometimes say the most astounding things. Only he has such an honest, serene, convincing manner that you don't find out how astounded you are till he has finished talking to you and gone away. Then you go back to your old view of life, bounded by the morning and evening papers.

Calverley is a critic. It is his profession, and he, following it honestly, makes a living by it, as other men do

by carting dust, or promoting companies. He had vast advantages over most of the other critics. He had been to Charterhouse, where he had been undistinguished, and he had been to Balliol, whence he had issued "Dreams and Cadences"—for private circulation. From Oxford he passed into the society of the people in Chelsea who say clever things. He said several of these himself—and, heartened by the success which attended them, he began to say them as a craft. They were not very clever things, but from the pen of a man who could "fear the Greeks even while bearing gifts" with correct scansion, and could tell you that your minor poet was a fearful wild fowl, they cut like whips.

Now it fell upon a time that Merlino, a young London Italian, wrote an operetta; and the chance of his life coming, it was produced at the Hilarity at a morning performance. It found leniency at the hands of the dailies, and some of the evening papers were even roused to a mild enthusiasm, and illustrated their notices of it with grimy little process blocks. And it was put into the evening bill.

Calverley had approached the first scene with a judicial interest, but when the coarse person from Fleet Street who sat next him in the stalls, came back after the interval, breathing warm brandy and water, and under its influence slapped his great hands in rude approval, the music began to annoy Calverley intensely, and even while it was still at his ears, he was turning phrases in his mouth that boded ill for Merlino. It rained as he left the theatre, and after walking a hundred yards, he stepped into a cab, damp and discomforted and very angry. And his wrath going about seeking an object settled at length on Merlino and his operetta—and he wrote a notice of it.

Firebras showed me the notice, but I have forgotten it, though I know it was bitterly clever. It held Merlino at arms' length, at tongs' length even, as "your Italian;" it applauded his industry and research; it quoted freely from the banalities of the libretto, and

whether it commented on orchestration, airs, or choruses, it seemed to look up and down Merlino's poor little provincial person from head to boots, and deep into his poor little provincial soul, with a cold, impersonal interest.

"I think," said Calverley, when he had finished, "that that will make Saffron Hill sit up. If he's a reasonable creature, he'll go back to his piano organ and his monkey."

And Merlino "sat up."

He said the criticism had cut the throat of his operetta, that it was cowardly—that it had ruined him. And, indeed, the operetta flickered for a week or two and died before any air of it had been so much as whistled in the street. Then Merlino said he would have revenge. When he had said that once or twice, he found that he meant it, and so, being an Italian, he never said it again. But Firebras, who was always about those foreigners' clubs, heard him say it and gave the word to Calverley, when he met him in Oxford Street. Calverley stiffened his little figure, saying, "Revenge? let him try it on by all means—one doesn't brawl with your foreigner here, one whistles for a policeman."

"Well," said Firebras, "he won't call with a horsewhip, for that is an English custom, and I think your policeman will keep him off you in the street; but, if ever you happen to be taking your evening stroll past Cleopatra's Needle and meet Merlino alone, you'd better make for Villiers Street and the traffic as sharp as you can cut. And there are other things you wouldn't listen to, but——"

"What things?"

"If ever I saw a man with the *jettatura*—the evil eye——"

"Rubbish!" said Calverley.

"Oh! very well, just as you like."

They had turned the corner of the little alley—Ducie Street that led to Russell Row where Calverley's chambers are. The evening had fallen, and the gas was burning in the stone-flagged passage.

"Come in and have half a pipe," invited Calverley.

As they passed in at the front door, a man in a cloak and soft hat hurried down the stairs and brushed past them, turning his face to the wall. Firebras pulled his companion by the arm.

"See that," he said softly, "how these Italians hang together!"

"What do you mean?" asked Calverley severely.

Firebras pointed towards the door. "Friend of Merlino's," he said; "seen them together scores of times."

"Coffee for four, eh?" said Calverley, when they had climbed the stairs; and he giggled as he put in his latch-key.

"If it had been that errand he would not have passed with his nose to the wall. He's been to have a look at your quarters. Lock up carefully when I go."

"Rubbish!" said Calverley again, "rubbish, I tell you." But he said it less decidedly. "What have I done," he complained, "but cut up his fearful foolishness?"

"Merlino thinks you have ruined his chances in life. What would an Englishman feel inclined to do to you if your humorous quill had taken away the support of his aged father and mother?"

"But Merlino hasn't any old father and mother to keep."

"That's it," said Firebras, "that's just it. He's got himself, and if you knew Merlino, you'd know that Merlino is more to him than mother or father, or tender sister or brother."

"Come to the window—sweet is the night air," said Calverley, and they leaned out with their elbows on the sooty stone parapet. The night air was not sweet at all; it was cold, and clammy, and gusty, and Firebras shivered. The other took him by the arm.

"Look there," he said impressively, "look down at yonder dark figure motionless against the railings opposite."

"Well?" queried Firebras.

"That," Calverley remarked, "is a policeman, and," he added with mingled pride and trustfulness, "the tireless guardian of a critic's sleep."

"Pardon me," said Firebras, whose

eyes were better than his friend's, "the heavy step approaching is that of your tireless guardian, and at his approach yonder dark figure recollects an appointment and hurries off in his soft hat and black cloak. I incline to think, my dear Calverley, that he is another Italian."

"Rubbish!" said Calverley once more, and Firebras, beginning to find his rejoinders monotonous, soon bade him a good-night and went away. Calverley locked his door and went to bed. But he could not get to sleep. He told himself that he had smoked too much, and he lay tossing and turning, and thinking over what Firebras had said till he had got it all very thoroughly before him. After two hours that seemed like twelve, he got up, put on his dressing-gown, raked the fire together, and throwing on some coals, sat down before it. Then a rather curious thing happened.

When he went to get the coals he had left the door of his sitting-room open, because he felt that he should like to be reminded that his outer door was shut, and locked. And now as he sat by the fire toasting his chilled legs, his eyes fell again on this door, and he could not get rid of an absurd fancy that there was some one on the other side of it. He held his breath and kept still—very still—like a hunted man. A minute went by, two, three. In the stillness he could hear his watch ticking on the dressing-table in the next room. Then quite without sound the handle of his outer door turned twice—round and back again—and as the clock moved in its loose socket, the door came forward some sixteenth of an inch as if in response to the pressure of a shoulder outside. The cold sweat stood heavily on Calverley's forehead—he was chilled and frightened to the ends of his fingers and feet. He held his breath still, and in the silence he saw the handle turn again. Then came a little sigh as though the creature on the other side of the door had been holding its breath also, and holding it too long; and then the soft pad-pad of stockinged feet go-

ing down the old stairs. The stairs in Russell Row are too solid to creak. It is the stairs of the new villa that do that.

Calverley released his limbs and lungs from their tension, and when a shivering minute or two had assured him that he need no longer fear the face of his own door handle, he locked his parlor door on the inside, and then double-locked himself into his bedroom which opened from the parlor on the side furthest from the front door. When he had done this and had had some whiskey, he got into bed and slept like a child, because his nerves were worn out with ten minutes' terror of something he did not believe in.

II.

THAT was the beginning of it. Next day Calverley rose feeling feeble and wearied. He assured himself that he must have fancied all that about the door, so he went to the ironmonger's opposite the Yorkshire Grey, and bought a new screw-driver and a neat brass bolt, and he put this on his outer door before he went to dinner. He dined at his club, and met a man there who told him that Merlino was a Neapolitan or Corsican, or something, and that he, Calverley, was in a jolly romantic Vendetta business. The man meant no harm; he didn't believe it, and Calverley didn't believe it, of course, but somehow he found he was not so hungry as he had thought he was.

As he came up Ducie Street late that evening, he was seized with distrust of a dark shadow in an archway a little ahead, and crossed the road to avoid it.

"My nerves are going to pieces," he said; "I must get a tonic made up at the stores."

As he climbed the stairs, it occurred to him that dining out was a fruitless extravagance, and that a man might do worse than have his dinner sent in from Veroni's, and eat it quietly among his books in the chastened glow of his thirty-five shilling reading-lamp.

Of course that business of the handle last night was mere fancy, still

— Calverley did not go to bed, and he left his parlor door open and sat by the fire watching the brass handle of his outer door.

And the stillness grew and grew, and again he held his breath, and he heard a soft sound as of stockinged feet on the landing outside. They were five long, long minutes in which Calverley wondered whether the five-and-nine-penny bolt would not have been stronger after all. The handle did not turn this time, but there was a curious little click-clicking sound inside the lock, like the noise the locksmith makes when you lose the key of your secretaire and he comes round to see to it. The bolt held. Calverley heard the soft steps go away, hugged himself on his bolt, and went to bed. But he felt this couldn't go on, and he wrote to Firebras. No answer came, for Firebras was out of town. If Calverley had had any relations living in town, he would have gone to see them about this time, but they were in Jersey. So they were of no use to him.

He felt strangely weak and tremulous. The days went on and he thought much, very much, of what Firebras had said. He was very careful. He went on living as much of his old life as his new precautions left him room for. He wrote his reviews, he attended his *matinées*, but he did not go out any more at night, and his meals were sent in from Veroni's. They were monotonous meals; all dishes tasting of one sauce whose eternal basis was preserved tomato; but the sauce of safety lent them savor; until the arrival of a certain dish of cutlets narrowed again the limits of his dungeon.

It was raining outside as it always rained in those days. The curtains were drawn and the dinner-tray lay on the little table between the red-shaded lamp and the cheerful fire. There were three cutlets in the dish, lapped by the usual sauce and gemmed with bright green peas, so green that the color suggested copper poisoning, and the family at West Ham whom the little paragraphs are continually chrou-

icing as having chosen that means of egress from a colorless world. His train of thought stopped at the idea of poison at the moment when his eyes were reading *Café d'Italie* on the edge of the dish—and, pushing the tray from him, he laid down his knife and fork. It was a startling idea. All Italians clan together, the very waiter who brought him this was probably a member of the Mafia or some other confraternity of assassins. In the kitchen of the *café* or in some archway *en route* what might not have happened to those cutlets, to that sauce? And as he thought these things, the odor of death asserted itself in the faintly acid steam above the tomatoes. He turned the cutlets over with his fork, not that he had any further thought of dinner, but he wondered which cutlet was salted with a pinch of that fell salt. The housekeeper's cat roused him by mewing and patting his knee with her paws.

"Poor pussy," he said, "poor pussy then."

He liked the cat, though it was a mere acquaintance of the last few days, which had been spent so much within doors. But in a case like this—and he put the dish down at his feet.

The cat looked up once in astonishment and then put down its head and began to eat the cutlet with rapid precision and an appearance of making the most of this streak of topsyturvydom. After the manner of cats she dragged each cutlet in turn from the dish to the hearthrug to indulge a sportsmanlike imagination with the fiction of a freshly killed mouse. Coming back to the dish she lapped sauce and gravy to their end, when she suffered herself to be turned out on the landing with unctuous purrings.

It was her last meal on earth. A solicitor's office door on the first floor had been left open by the cleaners. After a night's rest on its mat she was seen to pass out of the house while the front step was being cleaned, and a moment later she was a little limp rag of tabby fur. A hansom turning the corner suddenly did this thing.

But of this Calverley knew nought, and when, having guiltily asked his housekeeper where pussy was that morning, he saw her put her apron to her eyes, he turned pale and his knees trembled as he sat.

"Don't tell me," he almost screamed, "if anything has happened, I can never eat my breakfast if anything—I hate to hear of the sufferings of animals."

And Mrs. Simcoe did not tell him.

On that day, after a breakfast of potass and whiskey, Calverley sat by his window until he saw Verriatt of the Colonial Office passing down Russell Row. Then he unbolted and unlocked his doors, closed them carefully, and ran out. He greeted Verriatt with strange pleasure, and secured his escort as far as Whitehall. His eyes grew moist as they walked side by side. This human companionship affected him so deeply.

From Whitehall he took cab for the Army and Navy Stores, where with a grocery catalogue before him, he made a list of biscuits and tinned things. Anything that could be securely tinned or potted or bottled with seals over the stoppers so that a man might be the first to let them see light, Calverley bought. He provisioned his fortress for a month, and at that he stayed, for he could not bear to think of more than one month of duration.

When he had seen all his parcels brown-papered and twined, descend into a deep packing-case and headed up with hammering of nails, he sneaked down the steps and walked towards home, choosing the main thoroughfares of Victoria Street and Parliament Street. He meant to have lunched at the Cheshire Cheese, but the cowardly fit was on him, and he ate an underdone steak at a Piccadilly restaurant whose entrance was not up a dark passage.

He was picking his steps over the crossing at Piccadilly Circus, when a sharp tap sounded upon his silk hat. Some one had taken a liberty with him—some ribald had thrown something from one of the thousand windows.

He flushed to his hat brim, but a glance at a shop window showed him his hat undisturbed, and he walked haughtily on without deigning to look up for the gratification of his assailant. In Oxford Street he swung himself on to a passing bus. Russell Row was empty, and he was soon in the secure heights of his chambers. As he sank into his fireside chair, his hat rolled off from the table edge.

When he picked it up, he saw a neat round hole drilled cleanly through the top of it, and his trembling hand touched another hole in the side.

Then he knew that in broad daylight his head had been the target for an assassin's aim, luckily a faulty one. But in Piccadilly Circus!—and how near, how near!—a slug from an air-gun had done this. All the outside world became one ambush to him, and he cowered from the very window as he sat.

When Bothwellhaugh pushed his barrel through the window and the regent fell out of the saddle, all men heard the bang of the piece, and looking up, saw the smoke curling under the eaves. But who should say, if a man died by this silent stroke, from what window the little death pellet came?

And Calverley went to the door again and tried the lock and shot the bolt, and coming back threw himself on his sofa with tears in his eyes.

III.

AFTER a week of the life Calverley began to lead after the startling incident of the hat, he was in a condition of nervous fever. He lost his nerve as a man loses it who has missed his footing crag-climbing, and has saved himself on a giddy verge. And Calverley's nerve did not come back. He grew yellow and bilious, for a diet of biscuits and eggs and spiced and potted foods does not brace a man who lives in an armchair. He read little scraps of books and left them littering the room; he smoked constantly, and made black coffee with a nickel-plated patent.

He wrote to Firebras at Hampstead, telling him the story with much pitiful jocularity—he wrote again and besought his advice—he wrote again begging him for old friendship's sake to come—and Firebras did not answer. There was no other man; and Calverley, lying on his sofa, huddled and weary, cursed the discriminating exclusiveness which he had stroked and patted oft-times and oft.

There was a story in one of the books of a man in Italy who said a hot word, and, fearing a knife, fled to a little tower, and, so that he lived, was content to live a long life alone, drawing up his food in a basket; and in the evening of his life his fears were slaked, and there was a day when he stepped out to feel the strange green turf before the threshold. It was then the waiting knife came round the corner between him and the door.

When Calverley read that he yearned for the pavement, and sent the house-keeper out to buy another bolt for his door—a larger one.

The house was an old one and the fortunate fellow was able to close the old shutters by night, but a skylight above troubled him greatly until he had climbed on to the tiles with the house-keeper's steps and found his roof inaccessible from the lower house next door.

The idea of a cigar and a stroll upon the tiles struck him that evening. All ideas now made him fretful, but he went, and whined as he went. The bright moonlight and the sense of exalted security soothed him somewhat; he leaned over the grimy parapet at the side and let the ash of his cigar drop down into Ducie Street. He could hear the rumble of the traffic in Holborn, but Ducie Street was empty. He took a turn along the narrow way between the two slopes of the tiles—a fisherman's walk, two steps and overboard into Russell Row—and came back to his parapet. And now Ducie Street was no longer empty. A man was leaning against the railings at the corner—a man in a high silk hat. But the long, dark hair that fell be-

neath it and the whole cut of the cloak left no doubt as to his nationality. The man was a foreigner, and the high silk hat, assumed doubtless as a disguise, could not hide him from the terror-quicken eyes of Calverley.

His wrongs, his unmerited sufferings (he had forgotten the review by this time), his long fast from human fellowship, came upon him suddenly, and met the constant current of instinct which prompts the Englishman to aim at a mark. The two together swept Mr. Calverley to his knees on the roof. He softly loosened half a brick, a moss-encrusted brick, and dropped it with angry precipitation upon the hat of the lurker below.

The hat fell dented on the pavement. Its owner picked it up—the battered thing—and hurried away towards Holborn.

"Lex talionis — a hat for a hat," said Calverley bitterly.

Some one was knocking at his door. The owner of the hat had doubtless come—red-hot—to expostulate. The owner, therefore, was a stranger, not one of his foes. Calverley drew a full breath of relief as he hastened to unbar it. For once he had been wrong; he had not dropped a brick on the hat of an Italian murderer, but had been guilty of a shocking joke at the expense of some strange gentleman's heaver, as any light-hearted fool might have done. It was a respite from the strange horrors that beset his path. He felt a thrill of joyful fellowship with his kind, and could hardly open the bolts quickly enough to receive the curses of the owner of the hat. But when he got it open, there stood no indignant hat-owner, cursing and questioning, only Firebras, calm and sympathetic, with a railway rug in one hand and Bradshaw and a bundle of Calverley's letters in the other.

"I've been away; only just back, and I came on just as I am."

Calverley, the color of a well-washed blanket, drew his friend in and shut the door.

"I'm hunted," he said. "I've just dropped a brick on the villain's head

and smashed his hat in. I thought I'd made a mistake when I heard you knock, and that, whoever it was, had come up to threaten proceedings. But not he—he made off. If he hadn't been lurking there for some evil purpose, would a man take half a brick and go off without a word? Now would he? And I've enraged him more than ever. No Italian can afford to lose his only good hat."

"I don't quite follow you," said Firebras, "and your letters; but come, tell me all you've done."

And Calverley did tell him, sitting restlessly upright on the edge of his cane chair while Firebras sat there with half-shut eyes and a smile of recognition for each incident. To the very end of the narrative Calverley clung to his own poor little fiction of not believing in this sort of thing, but Firebras's grey, calm eyes seemed to see through so much and with so large a sympathy, that at last Calverley broke down completely and began to cry in his chair, and put his elbows on the table and told Firebras what he had not yet had courage to tell himself.

"I may bolt myself in and shutter up and stop every hole in this stuffy prison," he wailed, "but, Firebras, I don't mind telling you there's something I can't keep out, do what I may. Look how my cheeks have fallen in. Look at my ribs; I'm wasting away. I've got fire here and there. You know when I read that poem of Rossetti's here at night I could fancy that some beggar is melting my image in wax and chuckling as it melts."

"*Maleficium*, eh?" said Firebras, nodding sympathetically as if Calverley were describing the symptoms of indigestion.

"And there's something sits with me at all hours, especially at night. My nerves are all gone. Why, last night I had to move that skull, the one I had that came out of the peat bed in Chat Moss. I couldn't bear it on the bracket, and so I shoved it into the drawer there, and even then I knew it was grinning."

"Did you ever notice Merlino's eyes?" said Firebras thoughtfully. "One is higher than the other. I never like that kind of man to look at me."

"Then you think it's the evil eye. Would it do me any good to go to Australia? Can't you make an image of him? I wouldn't mind sticking pins into it."

"You forget he has the start of us," said Firebras, and he went on making pencil dots and dashes on an old envelope, brooding over it as if he were planning the environment of a soul, while Calverley watched him anxiously, lighting his pipe again and again.

At last Firebras rose up and strode the room with his chin on his breast.

"Cheer up," he said, "I'll pull you through if you'll pull your nerves together. To-night I've no traps with me and couldn't get them. To-morrow I must be at the bank about some transfers in an estate I'm trustee of, but I'll be here in the evening, and we'll try a counter-spell. You take a long walk, and —"

"I can't," said Calverley pitifully.

"Then begin the day with a cold douche and dumb-bells. Drink nothing but soda water, and don't smoke or eat anything but a little bread and fruit. Your nerves are all anyhow."

"Yes" — Calverley forced a smile — "I really think they are."

"Why not walk down to the club with me? It will do you good to have a chat with your fellow-creatures, and," Firebras added, with the faintest shadow of a smile, "you are sure to find some one coming your way who will see you home."

IV.

DAZED, as a man suddenly coming from the darkness into strong sunlight, Calverley went back to the world of three weeks ago. He had supper at the club, and in the joy of reunion with his kind, and prospective release of Firebras, he listened with smiles of encouragement while a very young man entertained him with (1) the well-known figment of the Scilly Islanders

and their washing, (2) a familiar story of the defrauded dog who went straight out and fetched a policeman, and (3) a venerable jest that recalled the fifth form room in which Calverley had first heard it. Leaving the young man happy in that he had made conversation, he turned to his next neighbor and casually asked news of Merlino and his operetta of "Paula and Virginus."

"Merlino's gone for good."

Calverley thought of Firebras and queried the statement.

"Yes, gone yesterday morning. Uncle, a rich hotel-keeper in the Ticino, makes Merlino his heir, leaves him business and a million francs to carry it on with. Do better at that than he did with Paula and what's-his-name, eh?"

"Is that really a fact?" said Calverley.

"Why, did he owe you anything? Abuse his hotel in paragraphs if he doesn't cash up, or praise the cookery at the other place. Hotel-keeping is the only industry in the Ticino. Ever heard the story of the revolution there, and the crowd, marching on the Town Hall singing the Marseillaise, were dispersed by somebody shouting 'Waiter!' Every one answered the Italian for 'Coming, sir!' and —"

But Calverley was gone home, unescorted.

Firebras is a very serious man. I do not know what craft he follows or what he does with his life. To play the violin or fence with the rapier, you must give up some hours daily. Firebras gives a life to wanderings about the earth, to look at its ways through half-shut eyes, and reading books that dead and gone people wrote, knowing that Firebras would read and appreciate. He is a very wise man, and he talks of things that no one else speaks of because they cling somewhere about all our hearts.

He came to Calverley's rooms at nine in the evening, full of sympathy and carrying a great gladstone which Calverley eyed as if it were timed for a

doorstep explosion. Firebras noticed at once the change in his friend.

"You look better already," he said, unbuckling the straps of the bag. "I've got everything here to work the counter-spell, and I've found all out about Merlino. And I've not the slightest hesitation now in putting all my knowledge at your service. He's a bigger rascal than I thought. 27A Maryborough Mansions, is his address. It's a garret in an old Soho house converted into flats, and Merlino keeps the only key—living by himself, cooking macaroni and opera tunes. I believe I am strong enough."

Calverley was strong enough to laugh ungratefully.

"I think—I think it's been my undue sensitiveness to trifles," he said. "I really feel all right now. What did you propose to do?" he asked.

But Firebras was staring into the hot coals. There was a long silence. Calverley lighted a cigar, let it out, lit it again and then added:—

"And besides, Merlino has gone to Italy; and —"

"And so now you think you have fancied it all," answered Firebras slowly, and he got up and strapped up the gladstone very tightly and sharply. "Well, good-night, Calverley; you're a man of a wonderful imagination. You ought to be a war correspondent."

Calverley laughed light-heartedly, but when Firebras went he bolted the door after him, from three weeks' habit, and then unbolted it again, with a blush and an apologetic shrug.

been due either to any want of consciousness of the fascination of the subject, or lack of enthusiasm. Nor can I plead that, amid other concerns, my recollections have become blurred. So far from that being the case, I have, after the lapse of ten or more years, the most vivid remembrance of my first meeting with Rossetti.

This was in January, 1882. I was then a little girl at school, full of proud fancies and ambitious desires, and my opportunity of first seeing London came now, when it was decided that Mr. Rossetti would seek health and change at Birchington-on-Sea. My brother was Mr. Rossetti's house-mate, and I remember that at this time a visit to Cumberland had just terminated. Together they had lived at a house in St. John's-in-the-Vale, half-way between Grasmere and Keswick, and quite close to "The Haunted Castle" rock, which Scott has made famous. The whole district is indeed sacred ground to the lover of poetry and fiction, and not the least interesting of the associations of the country must be the house in Fisher Place, which was Mr. Rossetti's residence during his stay in Cumberland. The mountain air did Mr. Rossetti good, but it was a feeble antidote to the persistent draughts of chloral. He could not appreciate, or he tired of, the remote life of the country, and his return to London was not long delayed. But his sinking health soon prompted another change, this time to the seaside. It was just at this time that I first saw Rossetti.

I remember my wild delight in starting for London; and, arrived at Euston, how bewildered and amazed I was with the bustle and excitement of the station. My brother soon discovered me, and we drove off to Mr. Rossetti's house, No. 16 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

The house seemed to my childish fancy big, heavy, and dull. We passed into the hall, which was spacious but rather forbidding—at least to childish fancy—so sombre, so dark. The floor was of black and white marble. About everything there was an atmosphere of departed grandeur, so that I was

From *The New Review*.

A CHILD'S RECOLLECTIONS OF ROSSETTI.

SOME time ago Mr. William Michael Rossetti suggested that a picture of his brother, as viewed by a child, would be of great interest; that its attractiveness would be quite distinct from anything hitherto given to the world; and that, as an aspect of the poet-painter which I (almost alone) could supply, I should not hesitate to record my early impressions. The delay on my part has not

not surprised to learn that the house had once been tenanted by a lady who ascended the throne of England. To the right hand as we entered was a door leading to what I learned to be the dining-room, but as Mr. Rossetti always had dinner in the studio, the dining-room was never used, and in the course of years it fell into neglect. On the left was the breakfast-room, but as Mr. Rossetti breakfasted in bed, this apartment would have similarly fallen into disuse had not my brother made it his study. Round about in the dark hall were one or two statues, but in still darker corners I could dimly discern old oak cabinets. The corridor was so dark that I found myself coming into collision with old oak chairs and cabinets which were so shaky on their foundations as to totter for minutes after they were touched.

The walls were lined with pictures, most of them Mr. Rossetti's early efforts, but there was one bigger than all the rest which must not be mentioned in the same category. What its subject was I never knew, nor could any one make it out unless he happened to pass with a lighted candle. I have heard that it was a hideous thing, very crude, as vulgar as a signpost, and obviously the work of an artist of the signpost quality. Perhaps I should never have mentioned the existence of the extraordinary production had I not chanced to hear its not less extraordinary history.

It seemed that one day when Mr. Rossetti was a student of art he happened to go along with some fellow students into the East End of London. There, in a wharfside inn, he saw this immense canvas on the barroom wall. After laughing at it for some time, and thus provoking the innkeeper's wrath, the following conversation took place:—

"Where did you get that picture?"

"Oh, never mind, young man, where I got it."

"What price do you set on it?"

"More than you can afford."

"Indeed," said Rossetti. "Now, how much?"

"Three thousand pounds," replied the innkeeper.

At that there was a burst of united laughter from the young artists.

"Do you know how much I would give for your three thousand pound picture?"

"How much?" asked the innkeeper.

"Three pounds," said Rossetti.

"Done," said the innkeeper promptly; and to his amazement and amusement Mr. Rossetti found himself the owner of the colossal canvas.

There were other immense things in addition to the picture, and I well remember the curious effect produced among all the sombre surroundings by a great mirror at the top of the first flight of stairs. The drawing-room was very gloomy, yet it was naturally a bright and lightsome room. It gave a view of the river and Battersea Park on the other side, making as interesting a prospect as could perhaps be found in all London. But the furniture was heavy and lately old-fashioned—the worst fashion of all. The silver candlesticks were black with age and disuse, and the enormous candelabra suspended from the ceiling, now heavy with the accumulated dust of years, had a history of its own, being, I believe, once the property of Garrick. The faded splendor of the room was made the more interesting by some curious water-color drawings by Mrs. Rossetti, his wife. They were in brilliant blues and greens, and contrasted strangely with their surroundings.

In the breakfast-room there were several family portraits. There was one very beautiful picture of Miss Christina Rossetti as a child; and another very striking picture of Mrs. Rossetti, his mother, was the work of the poet-painter. The furniture in the room was deeply interesting to me—all of it sombre to a degree. I had never seen such massive carvings. Then in every corner in which shelves could be placed there were books closely packed.

About a couple of hours after my arrival my brother took me into the studio to meet Mr. Rossetti. The

studio was probably the largest room in the house, and was on the ground floor, overlooking the very much neglected garden at the back. There was matting on the floor, and ranged round the room, leaning against the walls, were numberless canvases, all of them pictures in a state of progress. A great deal of space was occupied in this way; but near the big fireplace were a couch and two great chairs, commodious but amazingly overgrown, as they seemed to me. Over the mantelpiece was a study of the Beatrice of Dante. The work was mainly done in black and white crayon, the hair alone being painted, and that, needless to add, was of the subdued auburn hue which not long afterwards had such an extraordinary vogue. My eyes quickly rested upon what, in the dim light, I could only make out to be a headless woman. That object filled me with terror, and I verily believed that I had got into Bluebeard's secret chamber when I caught sight of the collection of heads on the floor. I was not easily reconciled to the painter's wooden models. Just then I heard a voice: "Is that you, Caine?" I looked round to discover who had spoken, and then I found that deep down in one of the big chairs was Mr. Rossetti. My brother replied that he was bringing in his sister.

"Ah!" said Mr. Rossetti. "And what's your name?"

I am afraid I was a little dazed, for the last curious thing to attract my attention was the black glove Mr. Rossetti wore on his left hand. But I soon recovered myself. Then Mr. Rossetti pretended not to catch my name. Perhaps he wanted to tease me a bit. When I answered "Lily," he said, "Oh, yes, Minnie."

"No, no," I said; "Lily."

"Ah, Jenny."

"No, no; my name's Lily."

"I have got it at last," he said, with a merry laugh: "Lily—that's a very pretty name."

Then he chatted quite gaily until dinner was ready, when I was taken in hand by the nurse and packed off to

bed. Nurse Abery was a kind, good soul, and when she saw that my eyes were fearsomely attracted to a portrait of Cromwell just opposite the bed, she really laughed away my fear.

But I had not long been in the house before I heard—from what source I have now forgotten—of a ghost which was met with there. This was another trouble, and a source of concern to more than myself. It was a woman, and appeared sometimes at the top of the second flight of stairs. She retreated to the room overlooking the Embankment. She had been seen more than once in the place, but I think never by Mr. Rossetti himself. The ghost-seers were, I believe, in every instance the servants. But Mr. Rossetti himself was so far under the influence of the superstition that he would never laugh when they mentioned the mysterious visitor. I remember that, in defiance of the story, my brother volunteered—very uncharacteristically—to sleep in the haunted bedroom, and go to bed without a candle; but whether he did so at that time I cannot remember. All I do recollect is that the poet always was too serious on such subjects to encourage any kind of trifling with them or defiance of their meaning.

When we left for Birchington-on-Sea, in the Isle of Thanet, I was delighted with Mr. Rossetti's companionship. I had never met a man so full of ideas interesting and attractive to a child. Indeed, now that I look back on it, I feel that Mr. Rossetti was wondrously sweet, tender, and even playful with a child, and I am the more struck by this as I reflect that, except for his own little niece and nephew (now, like myself, no longer little), he was not very much accustomed to their troublesome ways and noisy chatter.

On this journey from Cheyne Walk to the station he talked all the way, and had tales to tell me of every conspicuous object that came into view.

When he saw the piano-organ fiend grinding out a tune at express speed, he said: "Now you don't tolerate those things in Liverpool, do you?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "we do, and rather enjoy them."

Perhaps I have changed my mind since then.

We travelled by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, and as the porter was labelling the luggage Mr. Rossetti took me by the hand. We were interested in the porter's operations, and Mr. Rossetti was amused at the company's initial letters—L. C. D. R.

"Why, Lily," said he, "they knew we were coming. That stands for Lily Caine and Dante Rossetti."

A minute later and Mr. Rossetti seemed full of nervous anxiety to go back home. The turmoil of the busy station irritated him, and he longed for the quietness of Cheyne Walk. Just then the train came up, but it was not without some persuasion that my brother could induce him to take his seat. During the journey to the seaside he changed his mind upon every point a score of times, but Nurse Abery's patience was inexhaustible.

At last we reached Birchington, and as we walked through the gate of the West Cliff Bungalow (now called the Rossetti Bungalow) Mr. Rossetti stooped down and whispered in my ear that my brother should not hear any disparaging remarks about our new home: "Lily, I don't think this looks like a house. Do you? It's more like another L. C. and D. R. station."

But, if the bungalow was not very handsome to the eye of the painter, it was exceedingly cosy within. There was a long corridor and rooms on either side. At the further end was the drawing-room running the width of the house. Rossetti sat down here and rested while the enormous load of trunks was being brought in. There was quite a small library of books, but Rossetti could not be persuaded to look at anything. He had changed his mind once more. He said he needed no change, and asked crossly why he had been brought there—a place like that! He could see no beauty or comfort anywhere. Then, quite suddenly, he became reconciled, and admitted that he

might get on very well after all. He selected a room from which the nurse could easily hear his call—for Mr. Rossetti was an undoubted invalid at this time, and his nights were often wakeful hours for the nurse.

At dinner that evening he rarely spoke, and when later he got seated before the fire, he said he wondered why he had ever left home. "We must really go back to-morrow, Caine."

My brother advised him to stay and give the climate a trial, if only for a week; then, if it did not suit, we would instantly return.

This seemed to satisfy him, and for an hour or two he sat looking straight into the fire. His legs were crossed and his head buried in his chest. Suddenly he would lean up, in great haste take off the black glove he habitually wore on the left hand, and hold his hand to the fire. I wondered why that hand should be so much protected and yet so cold. It was not until a later date that I found to my pain that his hand was half paralyzed.

As I rose to say good-night he looked up and smiled. In a gentle way he shook hands and said: "Going to bed? Yes, you must be tired. Good-night, Lily."

Nurse Abery did all in her power to meet Mr. Rossetti's wishes and make his bedroom comfortable, but with little good. The room was too hot, and the fire must be put out. But the fire was scarcely extinguished than Mr. Rossetti complained of the chilling air. The fire was rekindled, and piles of clothes were put on the bed, but Mr. Rossetti was not satisfied till the hearthrug was made use of as a top-most quilt. Nurse Abery understood her patient's trouble, and knowing that the best way of giving ease to his mind was to satisfy every demand, she obeyed every command and gratified every wish in her power.

Mr. Rossetti breakfasted in bed, and usually came into the drawing-room about noon. On our first morning at Birchington, a position with a north light had to be found for the easel.

With some little difficulty this was done, and everything made ready for him to proceed with the painting of the picture of "Joan of Arc kissing the sword."

He did not work much, but he read a great deal. While at Birchington he eagerly read Miss Braddon's "Dead Men's Shoes." This was the last book which engaged his attention. He seldom walked out of doors, and then always had assistance. His step was that of an infirm man, heavy and usually uncertain. When he had the strength he would indulge himself in the old habit of walking in his slippers up and down the drawing-room. His head would be bent forward, his shoulders slightly stooped. His dress was shabby; indeed his love of old clothes was but one of the characteristics of his genius. For his old, long sack-coat (he called it his painting-coat) he had quite an affection; yet it was worn almost threadbare where the cloth was to be seen, but a perfect Joseph's coat from the many paint colors with which it was bedaubed.

Occasionally, when the light was very good, he would get up from his chair and, taking a seat at the easel, put a few touches upon "Joan of Arc." Every addition was like an inspiration; and though the picture was finished to my eye when I first saw it, I could feel the effect of every touch; fresh life and vigor seemed to come into the figure, and the voice of the canvas became more eloquent. I never remember him painting for more than fifteen minutes at a time, and I never remember him uttering a single word to any one whilst engaged upon his work.

Just as he finished one day, he asked me if I had seen his painting, "Dante's Dream," then newly added to the Walker Art Gallery. When I told him that they had glazed it, he was deeply concerned as to what kind of light was on it in such an event.

Some time elapsed before he ever thought of exploring our surroundings, but he was always greatly interested in what I told him of the seashore, cliffs,

and the flowers growing all round thus early in the year. One evening, attracted by my brother's description of the cliffs, he said he must see them the following morning. But that morning it was blowing a gale, and my brother advised him to wait another day, having waited so long. Mr. Rossetti, however, would not hear of any delay, so we started. What a distinguished-looking man! What a fine head, and what an expressive face! On this morning he was wearing his favorite slouch hat—the one pictured in the frontispiece to the one-volume edition of his poems—and a thick black cloth Inverness. We had not gone fifty yards before we were compelled to turn back, the wind being much too exhausting for a weak man to battle with. Later we were more fortunate, and a pleasant walk on the cliffs was the result. He was so far encouraged as to desire a walk next day on the shore.

We dined in the evening, and our visitors would include, from time to time, old friends of the poet. Sometimes Mr. Rossetti would be in high spirits, at any rate for a while, and he would delight us with an account of the book he had been reading that day. Naturally, I observed these great changes in his disposition, but I knew that they were not accounted for in any way by the drug which was the bane of his later life. Indeed, during the whole of the period at Birchington he took no chloral, nor was any morphia injected. When he was in the humor he would rally me about my objection to oysters. He said I should get over that in a few years. And he spoke truly. His own appetite for oysters was quite voracious. Macaroni soup was also a favorite dish with him. He would drink claret at dinner, but never took anything else during the day. He had only two meals in the day—breakfast and dinner.

Dinner would be over soon after seven o'clock, so that there was a long evening. One night, sitting in his favorite chair before the fire, he recited for me a part of Edgar Allan Poe's poem, "The Raven." The richness of his

voice had scope in these lines, and I can well remember how my imagination was stirred. The "Nevermore" was so deep and strong that the voice seemed to my childish fancy to come from under the floor. The dramatic vigor he could command was such as I can never forget. But he aroused immense amusement among us by reciting a comic poem which he wrote while at Birchington. It was, I think, called "Jan Van Hulks," and was something about a man smoking against the devil for a wager. The devil smokes him down and carries him off; the man's wife knocks at the door and cries "Jan!" but there is nothing left in the room but dead smoke. Mr. Rossetti enjoyed writing this immensely, and laughed with us as he read it bit by bit every night.

Another night Mr. Rossetti asked me what book I was reading. It was "The Arabian Nights." "Ah!" he said, "put the book down, and I will tell you some of the stories." Sometimes he would use a big word, but he was back again in a moment, and a simple sentence would be substituted. When he was in the humor, he would never tire, and some of these amusing tales would concern great names in literature. Coming in one night, I found him telling this quaint story. A poor old man, who lived much alone in the great heart of London, lay dying, when a neighbor, wishing to render him a good service, sent for the clergyman. The minister took a chair, sat down at the bedside, and asked, in the manner of the person beginning a discussion: "Do you know why Christ died?" The man, in a half-childish way, replied: "Oh, sir, is this the time to ask conundrums?" And Mr. Rossetti would imitate the weak, exhausted voice of the dying man.

A child is often greatly exercised about something grown-up people never even notice. Seated in his big chair before the fire, Mr. Rossetti would always cross his legs; and there I would see him for an hour or more, shaking his foot faster than I could imagine it possible. The other habit was that of

incessantly cracking his thumb-nail with the nail of his first finger. I tried to imitate the foot movement, but I never could command his dexterity.

He had been at Birchington some weeks when Mrs. Rossetti came down to see her son, whose illness was manifesting serious symptoms. Miss Rossetti, whose work is familiar to every lover of English poetry the world over, was with her. But, despite all the attentions of mother and son and the friends about him, Mr. Rossetti grew weaker every day. He was much cheered by the visits of his brother, of Mr. Theodore Watts, and Mr. William Sharp. Mr. Rossetti now seldom left his bedroom and would only sit up for an hour or two during the day. When I left to go home he was wholly confined to his bed. The house became very quiet, and we spoke in whispers.

Nurse Abery took me in to say good-bye to Mr. Rossetti. He was reading in bed, propped up by pillows. I had not seen him for about a week, but he was much altered in that time. He was thinner, and his beard, thickly sprinkled with grey, was barely more than half its old length. He was very weak, but he bade me good-bye with all the warmth his strength would allow. He had many a good wish for me, a safe journey now and hereafter. His eyes, with a fixed, glassy stare, were still on me as I was leaving the room, and I know how deeply I was moved by my farewell with the great poet, whose end came some days later.

Miss Rossetti, too, had evoked my affection by her gentle ways. I was sorry to leave her side, but when, in years later, I became, as it were, responsible for my own friendships, I was indeed honored and delighted to grow more intimate with my dear and greatly gifted friend. And one incident of my sojourn at Birchington conjures up these sweet memories. On the eve of my departure Miss Rossetti made me a present of a little desk, writing my own name and hers on the inside lid. This is still one of my most cherished possessions, and though time and constant use have somewhat marred

its freshness, the bold penmanship of the great English poetess—the greatest, surely, unless exception were to be made for Mrs. Browning—is still to be seen through the ink stains of several years.

I cannot forbear in a parting word to speak of Mr. Rossetti's mother. She was a very old lady in the days of Birchington; very little, with a soft, beautiful, spirituelle face—a dear old soul! going about on her daughter's arm in a long sealskin jacket, the gift of her great son Gabriel. I recall her deep religious feeling, and that, though fully eighty years old, she would sometimes be coming in from early Sunday morning sacrament when I was getting down to breakfast.

I have heard it said that, during his last years, the poet was not constantly surrounded by the ladies of his family, but certainly, during the short period of my stay in his household, he could not possibly have been more cheered and comforted by their society and devotion.

LILY HALL CAINE.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

THE BURIED ELEPHANTS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

TOWARDS the end of July in 1816 the Russian vessel *Rurick*, commanded by Lieutenant Kotzebue, was passing through Behring's Straits. The *Rurick* had been specially equipped by Count Romanzoff at his own expense, and had been provided with everything necessary to insure the success of an exploring expedition. Her commander was a tried sailor; her surgeon, Dr. Eschscholtz, was a man of great ability; and the poet and naturalist Chamisso was also on board.

The *Rurick*, though frequently beset by fogs, passed Behring's Straits safely, and on the 1st of August entered a great sea-sound, which extended for two hundred miles into the Arctic lands of North America.

Kotzebue and his companions were the first Europeans who had visited these regions, and they gazed on the

newly discovered lands with the greatest interest and delight. As they sailed up the broad sea-sound towards the east they saw that the land to the south was a vast plain, which was perfectly flat, and extended as far as the eye could reach. This boundless plain had not a rock or tree to break the monotony of its surface, but it was brilliantly green with grass and moss, and bright with beautiful flowers. A placid river wound through the verdant expanse, and lakes and swamps appeared on its broad surface, while in the distance were snow-clad mountains. On the northern shores the hills were higher, but they were only gently rolling uplands.

At length the *Rurick* cast anchor near a large island, which was green with moss and on which willow bushes were growing, which were the only trees seen in the neighborhood. This island Kotzebue named Chamisso Island, and the bay around he called Eschscholtz Bay, in honor of the *Rurick's* doctor. On the east coast of this bay there were cliffs one hundred and twenty feet high, and above them a boundless plain covered with moss—which rendered its aspect brilliantly green—stretched away to the horizon. On the 8th of August a striking discovery was made. On that day Dr. Eschscholtz found a long line of cliffs of ice, the tops of which were covered with moss and grass. When this strange place was examined it was found that the ice-cliffs were eighty feet high, and that their sloping fronts were furrowed by streams of water derived from the melting of the ice, and which ran into the sea at the foot of the cliffs. The top of these ice-cliffs was covered by a thin layer of moss only a foot thick, but on this verdant carpet flowers and small bushes were vigorously growing. The most wonderful thing, however, connected with these cliffs of ice was that between the thin layer of moss at the top of the cliffs and the great masses of ice below was a bed of clay, less than a foot thick, and in this clay were the bones and teeth of many animals. Among

these were especially the tusks and teeth of the mammoth, the great furred elephant of the northern regions, with which the Russians were well acquainted, owing to the abundance of its remains in Siberia. At the spot where these bones were discovered in the ice-cliffs at Eschscholtz Bay, Kotzebue and his companions noticed a smell like burnt horn, which perplexed them greatly, and which they describe in the following words: "We could not assign any reason for the strong smell like burnt horn which we perceived at this place."¹ This strange discovery of elephants' bones in cliffs of ice, and in a desolate region where the reindeer is the only animal found in the present day, naturally excited much interest, and fresh light was soon to be cast upon it.

Before proceeding further let us describe the elephant, the bones and tusks of which were found by Kotzebue in such an extraordinary situation.

This elephant was of a species which became extinct long ago, and differed considerably from any elephant now living. Its name is the mammoth, and it was confined to the northern regions of the globe. The mammoth (or *Elephas primigenius*) was much larger than any existing elephant, and was also more clumsy and bulky. Its hair was of three different kinds. First came a thick, crisp wool of a clear fawn color; then a longer kind of hair ten inches in length; and last of all thick, bristly hair of a reddish-brown color, which was often nearly two feet in length. In addition to this great red-hairy covering, the mammoth had a long, flowing mane which reached from the head to the tail. The tusks of the mammoth were not straight like the present elephant's, but were in the form of huge circles, the points of the tusks curving so far backwards that they almost touched the animal's forehead. The ends of the ears of the mammoth were also covered with tufts of long hair, and another great bunch of hair covered the end of its tail.

Such was the mammoth, the great hairy elephant of the North, the remains of which Kotzebue discovered in the ice-cliffs at Eschscholtz Bay, in the desolate regions of Arctic America.

In 1824 Captain (afterwards Sir John) Franklin set out to descend the Mackenzie River in North America, and to examine the shores of the Arctic Ocean to the west of the mouth of that river. In order to assist Franklin, H.M.S. Blossom, a frigate of sixteen guns, commanded by Captain Beechey, was ordered to pass through Behring's Straits, and to wait for Franklin's arrival in Kotzebue Sound. Thus an opportunity would be afforded for examining scientifically the ice-cliffs discovered by Kotzebue, and for bringing home some of the elephants' tusks and bones which were embedded in them. Beechey vividly describes his approach to Behring's Straits, and the eagerness of all on board to examine this wonderful passage between Asia and America. It was towards the end of July in 1826, that the Blossom approached Behring's Straits. The night was beautiful, and perfectly calm and serene. The sky was cloudless, and the midnight sun — which was hardly more than its own diameter above the horizon — shone brightly over the waters. The sea was smooth, the wind was fair, and the sea-birds in flocks hovered around the vessel. As they sailed through the straits they enjoyed a wonderful prospect, for they were able to see both continents — Asia on the left, and America on the right. They entered Kotzebue Sound on July 22, and beheld the great moss-covered plains and swamps stretching away in endless monotony; and at last the Blossom anchored in Eschscholtz Bay.

An exploring party soon set out to examine Kotzebue's ice-cliffs, and a most thorough examination of them was made by the English naval officers. Beechey and his companions found that these cliffs extended for several miles along the shores of the bay, and that they were ninety feet high; but they were decreasing in height, for the

¹ Kotzebue's Voyage, vol. I., p. 220.

ice had melted much since Kotzebue's visit. Beechey and his party also came to the conclusion that the cliffs were not formed of *pure ice*, as Kotzebue had stated, but that they consisted of frozen mud and gravel, with an *external casing of ice*; and they further discovered similar cliffs of frozen mud all round the shores of Kotzebue Sound. The bones and tusks of the mammoth, buffalo, deer, and horse were found in the ice-cliffs, and particularly beneath them. At the foot of the cliffs the *débris* which had fallen from them had formed a shoal, in which many tusks of elephants and musk-oxen were discovered. Like Kotzebue and his party, Beechey noticed the *strong smell* which proceeded from decaying animal remains, of which Mr. Collie—who accompanied Captain Beechey—says: "A very strong odor, like that of heated bones, was exhaled wherever the fossils abounded."¹ Beechey also found mammoth's bones in other places on the shore of Kotzebue Sound, and perceived the strong smell at some spots where no tusks or teeth of elephants or of any other animals could be discovered. The officers of the Blossom observed a large river flowing into Kotzebue Sound from the southwest, which they named the Buckland, in honor of that eminent geologist. They proceeded up it for a long distance, until they met with pine-trees scattered here and there and musk-oxen began to show themselves, although none had been seen at Eschscholtz Bay. The hostility of the Eskimo, however, soon forced the explorers to return.

The result of Beechey's exploration was, that Kotzebue's statement of the bones of the mammoth being found in the ice-cliffs was fully confirmed; but Beechey stated that these cliffs were not formed of *pure ice*, but of frozen mud and gravel, and that the ice formed only a thick external coating, a few feet deep, over the face of the cliffs.

In 1848 H.M.S. Herald, commanded

by Captain Kellet, entered Kotzebue Sound to assist in the search for Sir John Franklin. The vessel had on board many scientific officers, who gave a most interesting account of the strange regions around Eschscholtz Bay. From Norton Sound right up to Point Barrow the whole country was a vast level moorland, green with mosses and lichens and plentifully adorned with brightly colored flowers. The alder and willow formed low bushes, and at Wainwright Inlet, a boundless plain, without tree or shrub, and covered with mosses and lichens, appeared in sight, and extended to the horizon. Great bogs and swamps were visible on this dreary expanse, and reindeer, bears, and wolves were wandering over its desolate surface, the only animals to be seen in this solitary wilderness. The ice-cliffs at Eschscholtz Bay were thoroughly examined by the officers of the Herald, and the results of their investigations were very striking. The cliffs were found to extend along the southern shores of the bay for a distance of seven miles, and to be from forty to ninety feet high. They were formed of three distinct strata. On the top was a thin layer of decayed vegetable soil, from two to five feet thick, and formed by the decay of mosses, lichens, and willow bushes. Then came a layer of clay, sand, and gravel, from two to twenty feet thick, full of bones, teeth, and even *hair* of animals. In this bed of earth the tusks of elephants (mammoths) abounded, no fewer than *eight* being brought away; the longest of these, though broken, was eleven feet six inches in length, and weighed two hundred and forty-three pounds. The other bones discovered at this place belonged to the musk-ox, buffalo, horse, and deer. Like all the other explorers who had visited the spot, the officers of the Herald observed the *strong smell* at the place where the bones were discovered, which they also noticed at other places on the shores of Eschscholtz Bay, and which, doubtless, proceeded from decaying animal remains. The position of the bones in the ice-cliffs is admi-

¹ Narrative of Beechey's Voyage, vol. ii., p. 599.

rably described by Dr. Goodridge of the Herald, who says that "a mammoth tusk having been noticed protruding from the ground, was traced downwards by digging to the depth of eight feet, and the skull, *with a quantity of hair and wool*, was found lying on a thin bed of gravel, beneath which was solid transparent ice. Enveloping the bones there was a bed of stiff clay, several feet in thickness, and mixed with them a small quantity of sticks and vegetable matter. A strong, pungent, unpleasant odor, like that of a newly opened grave in one of the crowded burial-places of London, was smelt on digging out the bones, and the same kind of smell, in a less degree, was perceptible in various other places where the cliffs had fallen."¹

Below the bed of sand and gravel containing the remains of elephants and other animals, the officers of the Herald found that the cliffs consisted of *pure ice*, from twenty to fifty feet in height. The ice was solid, but was yearly decreasing in thickness, and on its melting, the peat and gravel fell down, causing icy rubble, but the bottom was pure ice, and this was quite solid at the bottom of the cliff. Thus Kotzebue's statement was confirmed, and the opinion of Beechey—that the ice was a mere coating over the sand and gravel—was shown to be erroneous. It followed also that the climate of Eschscholtz Bay must have for some time been growing warmer, in order to account for the continual decay of the ice-cliffs. At the mouth of the Buckland, cliffs of ice were also discovered, but no bones were found in them. A third scientific examination had, therefore, fully confirmed the announcement of the discovery of elephant's bones in the Arctic regions, and had demonstrated that in former times—not very long ago, speaking geologically—the climate of the frozen regions of the North was much warmer than it is at present, and that in that period enormous herds of animals lived and flourished in what is now a desolate wilderness.

¹ Zoology of the Herald, p. 7.

More than this, recent investigations have brought to light the fact that, scattered all over Alaska, in its central forests and in its southern uplands, bones and tusks of mammoths are found in great numbers. Sir H. Howorth mentions that some time ago a skeleton of a mammoth was found near the sources of the Yukon,² and Dr. Dall refers to the finding of fossil ivory in Alaska, from the mammoth (and perhaps also from the mastodon), in the following words:—

"Fossil ivory is not uncommon in many parts of the valleys of the Yukon and the Kuskokwim. It is usually found on the surface, not buried as in Siberia; and all that I have seen has been so much injured by the weather that it was of little commercial value. It is usually blackened, split, and so fragile as to break readily in pieces. A lake near Nushagak, the Inghlutalik River, and the Kotto River, are noted localities for this ivory."³

The ice-cliffs in Kotzebue Sound were examined by Dr. Dall in 1880, and by Mr. Nelson in 1881, and the bones of mammoths were again found in them by these explorers. On the banks of the lower and middle Yukon also mammoths' bones have been found in great abundance, and they have also been met with along the course of the Porcupine River. It is also singular to note that the remains of the mammoth have been discovered in the desolate islands of St. George and St. Paul, which belong to the Pribilof group, and in the island of Unalakha a tooth of a mammoth was lately brought to light.

Let us now sum up the results of these discoveries. All round the flat shores of Kotzebue Sound there are bones of mammoths and traces of their remains, and in addition to the tusks and teeth of these great elephants, there are found in the same region abundant remains of buffaloes, wild horses, musk-oxen, and deer; we may, therefore, conclude that the frozen soil in this portion of the Arctic regions is

² The Mammoth and the Flood, p. 302.

³ Alaska and its Resources, p. 479.

full of the remains of these animals, which all perished at the same period, and which no longer live in this region of the frozen North. How the tusks, teeth, and bones of the elephants got into the ice-cliffs at Eschscholtz Bay we do not decide, and doubtless if the other ice-cliffs in this dreary region were thoroughly explored they would also be found to be full of mammoths' remains, for the strong smell which has been found to come from these cliffs, in many places where no elephants' bones have been discovered, shows that decaying animal matter is present in them in great quantities. More than this, the whole region of Arctic America, from Kotzebue Sound as far north as Point Barrow, abounds in elephants' bones. This part of Alaska is a vast flat moorland covered with moss, and without a tree or even a bush, and the soil only a few feet below the surface is permanently frozen. On these great plains, long ago, where now only a few reindeer and arctic foxes occasionally appear, there flourished in olden times a hardy vegetation and vast herds of elephants, buffaloes, and musk-oxen wandered to and fro, which in some inexplicable manner were all swept away by an extraordinary catastrophe, accompanied by a change of climate equally remarkable.

Let us now turn to Siberia, and we shall find that precisely similar phenomena are presented in that wonderful country.

Siberia may be said to consist of two great zones or regions which, roughly speaking, divide the country into two divisions. As we proceed from the south towards the north, and leave the steppes behind us, we enter the great forest region. This extends from the Urals to Kamtschatka, and reaches north as far as the Arctic Circle, whilst in the valleys the forests extend still further to the north. Beyond the great belt of forests comes the region of the *Tundras*, which are bare, moss-covered plains without bush or tree, and which extend in dreary monotony to the shores of the Arctic Ocean. Now, the remains of the mammoth

and rhinoceros are found in *both* regions, but they chiefly abound in the great moss-covered plains of the *Tundras*. When the Russians entered Siberia they heard from the natives strange stories about gigantic animals which lived underground, and which came up during the night. The Chinese also related how great beasts lived in Siberia in hidden caverns and holes in the depths of the earth, and that now and then they became visible. These strange stories had a basis of fact in them, for they were founded on the undoubted truth that from time to time *perfect bodies* of the mammoth and rhinoceros had been discovered in the frozen soil of Siberia.

Isbrant Ides, who traversed the Chinese Empire in 1692, relates some extraordinary circumstances connected with these discoveries, and after speaking of the annual inundations of the Siberian rivers, he says: "The masses of earth deposited by these inundations remain on the banks, and becoming dry, we find in the middle of them the teeth of the mammoths, and sometimes even the mammoth entire. A traveller who lived with me in China, and who employed a whole year in seeking for their teeth, assured me that he once found in a piece of frozen earth the head of one of these animals, with the flesh decomposed, with the tusks attached to the muzzle like those of elephants, and that he and his companions had great trouble in extracting them, as well as in separating some of the bones of the head, and among others that of the neck, which was still stained with blood; that having, finally, searched further into the same mass of earth, he found there a frozen foot of monstrous size, which he carried to the city of Tragan. The foot was, from what the traveller told me, of the circumference of a large man about the middle of the body."

The people of the country have various opinions about these animals. The idolaters, like the Yakoutas, the Tunguses, and the Ostiaks, say that the mammoths lived in spacious caverns which they never left; that they could

wander here and there in these caverns ; but that since they lived in these places the floors of the caverns have been raised, and afterwards sunk so as to form now a profound precipice ; they are also convinced that a mammoth dies the instant he sees the light, and they maintain that it is thus those have perished which are found on the banks of the rivers near their dens, from which those individuals inconsiderately strayed. The old Russians of Siberia believe that the mammoths are only elephants, though the teeth found be a little more curved and thicker in the jaw than in that animal. "Before the deluge," they say, "the country was warmer, and the elephants which basked in the waters, and were afterwards interred in the mud, more numerous. The climate became very cold after this catastrophe ; the mud froze, and with it the bodies of these elephants, which the frozen earth preserved uncorrupted till the time when the thaw revealed them."

These remarks doubtless made little impression at the time ; but they were soon to receive a complete confirmation. In the middle of last century the Russians were very active in exploring the northern coasts of Siberia, and among those who then voyaged along the dreary coasts, none were more active than two brothers named Laptew, who from 1738 to 1745 voyaged to and fro from the mouth of the Yenesei on the west, to the country of the Tchoutchis on the east. Whilst making their voyages the Laptews were told by the native Siberians that the bones, and even the bodies of huge mammoths, were being continually found on the shores of the frozen ocean, and some of these bodies were even covered with hair, and were in a perfect state of preservation. None of these discoveries, however, had as yet been examined by competent naturalists, but this needful verification was soon to take place.

In the winter of 1771, some native Siberians (Yakuts) were hunting on the banks of the river Vilui, which falls into the Lena, nearly two hundred

miles north of Yakutsk. The country on the banks of the Vilui is mountainous, and the hills are covered with dense forests full of bears and wolves. The Yakuts, whilst hunting near the Vilui, were amazed at finding the body of a huge animal, half buried in the frozen sand, near the low, gravelly hill on the banks of the river. The animal was a rhinoceros, and the carcase was lying on its right side in the sand, and was in a good state of preservation. The flesh was perfectly preserved, and was covered with skin which resembled tanned leather, and even the eyelids had escaped decay. Strange to say, the body bore upon it stiff bunches of hair as stiff as bristles, so that the animal might be called the hairy rhinoceros. The horns were gone, but traces of them could be discovered. When a Russian official reached the spot the body had considerably decayed, and the flesh (like the remains at Eschscholtz Bay) exhaled a strong, pungent odor. The soil near the Vilui is of an extraordinary character, for it is perpetually frozen at a depth of a few feet below the surface, and the rays of the sun in the brief summer never thaw the ground, in the most exposed situations, beyond a depth of two yards. The body of the rhinoceros had consequently been preserved from decay by the frozen soil by which it was surrounded. In 1772, fortunately for science, the celebrated naturalist Pallas was at Irkutsk, and thoroughly examined some of these remains. He was struck with their excellent preservation, and with the amount of hair which still remained on some of the limbs. Concerning the last feature, he writes : "We have never, so far as I know, observed so much hair on any rhinoceros which had been brought to Europe in our times, as appears to have been presented by the head and feet we have described." Some remains of this rhinoceros are now to be seen in the Zoological Museum at St. Petersburg.

In 1787 we hear of another similar discovery. The river Alaseya rises in hills west of the Kolyma, and after pursuing a winding course through

swamps and moss-covered plains, falls into the Arctic Ocean at a point some distance to the east of the mouth of the Lena. Now, in 1787 the river washed away a portion of its bank, and disclosed the body of an enormous mammoth, which was *standing upright*. It was as perfectly preserved as when it was entombed, as it was still covered with skin, and in some places with hair. Now, it has been argued by some that the mammoths did not live in northern Siberia, but that they had their abode in the more genial regions far to the south, and that their bodies were carried down by the great Siberian rivers for hundreds of miles, until they reached the shores of the Arctic Ocean. This cannot have been the case with reference to the elephant (mammoth) found on the banks of the Alaseya, for this river is of comparatively short length and does not rise in the warm, southern regions. It has its source in the intensely cold portion of north-eastern Siberia, and is but some five or six hundred miles in length, while its basin in its upper part is quite shut in by high, wooded hills. It is certain, then, that the mammoth found near the Alaseya could not have been washed from far-off, southern regions, but must have lived where the Siberians discovered its body; and this conclusion is made still more certain by the fact that the body, when discovered, was not lying on either of its sides, but was *standing upright*.

The next discovery of a mammoth's body to which I shall refer is still more interesting, and was fortunately examined by a competent naturalist.

In 1799 the Tungusian chief, Ossip Schumakoff, while hunting for mammoths' bones in the dreary wastes near the mouth of the Lena, saw the body of a monstrous animal *standing upright* in an icy cliff, and he immediately recognized the animal as a mammoth. It was several years, however, before the ice was sufficiently thawed for the body to be reached, but at last the front of the cliff melted, and the carcase of the huge, fur-clad elephant fell on a bank of sand. Schumakoff, who had often

returned to the spot, then cut off the tusks, and left the body to be a feast for the bears and wolves. In 1806, a Scotch naturalist named Adams was at Yakutsk, and, hearing of the discovery, he hurried to the place; he was, however, too late. Wolves and bears had devoured nearly all the flesh, so that little more than the skeleton of the mammoth remained. Still, he succeeded in collecting many pounds weight of hair, and he detached a portion of the hide which was covered with thick fur; he also observed that the animal was furnished with a long mane. The description given by Adams of the mammoth, and of the place where its body was found, is so interesting that I will quote his own words. He says: "The place where I found the mammoth is about sixty paces distant from the shore, and nearly one hundred paces from the escarpment of the ice from which it had fallen. This escarpment occupies exactly the middle between the two points of the peninsula, and is two miles long; and in the place where the mammoth was found this rock has a perpendicular elevation of thirty or forty toises. Its substance is a clear, pure ice; it inclines towards the sea; its top is covered with a layer of moss and friable earth fourteen inches in thickness. During the heat of the month of July a part of this crust is melted, but the rest remains frozen. Curiosity induced me to ascend two other hills at some distance from the sea; they were of the same substance, and less covered with moss. In various places were seen enormous pieces of wood of all kinds produced in Siberia; and also mammoths' horns in great abundance appeared between the hollows of the rocks; they were all of astonishing freshness. The escarpment of ice was from thirty-five to forty toises high; and according to the report of the Tungusians, the animal was, when they first saw it, seven toises below the surface of the ice." This account, it will be noticed, calls to mind the ice-cliffs in Kotzebue Bay. Adams saw cliffs of pure ice, covered with moss, containing mammoths'

tusks and remains, and he observed drift-wood on the icy shores; these were the very phenomena observed by Kotzebue when examining the ice-cliffs at Eschscholtz Bay. Adams brought away nearly all the bones of the mammoth, as well as portions of its hide and hair, and the skeleton is now in the Zoological Museum at St. Petersburg.

After the discovery of the mammoth, which was examined by Adams, many more bodies were found, and the finding of the carcasses of these great hairy elephants has gone on in Siberia down to the present day. Near the river Tas, in northern Siberia, another body was found by the Samoides in 1839, which was discovered buried in frozen gravel, and retained its flesh and thick red hair. In fact, it seems quite certain that all northern Siberia is one great graveyard of mammoths, and that these gigantic elephants are buried in the icy soil in vast numbers, and also that their bodies are still covered with flesh, skin, and thick hair.¹

But the most interesting account of the finding of a mammoth's body is that which is given by a German engineer in the Russian service, called Benkendorf. It appears that in the summer of 1846 Benkendorf was surveying, in a steam launch, the river Indigirka, which falls into the Arctic Ocean some distance to the east of the mouth of the Lena. The country was flooded, and the Indigirka, swollen by the melting snows, foamed furiously along and tore up its banks in all directions. While examining the flooded country, and standing on the flat, moss-covered banks of the river, Benkendorf and his companions saw a huge black mass floating amidst the rushing waters, which they speedily recognized as the body of a mammoth. They made the carcase fast with ropes and chains, and next morning they succeeded in bringing the body to the bank; the appearance it then presented shall be described in Benken-

dorf's own words,² who, after telling how the gigantic elephant's body was brought to land, proceeds as follows: "Picture to yourself an elephant with the body covered with thick fur, about thirteen feet in height and fifteen in length, with tusks eight feet long, thick, and curving outward at their ends, a stout trunk of six feet in length, colossal limbs of one and a half feet in thickness, and a tail naked up to the end, which was covered with thick, tufty hair. The animal was fat and well grown; death had overtaken him in the fulness of his powers. His parchment-like, large, naked ears lay fearfully turned up over the head; about the shoulders and the back he had stiff hair about a foot in length, like a mane. The long outer hair was deep brown, and coarsely rooted. The top of the head looked so wild, and so penetrated with pitch, that it resembled the rind of an old oak-tree. On the sides it was cleaner, and under the outer hair there appeared everywhere a wool, very soft, warm, and thick, and of a fallow-brown color. The giant was well protected against the cold. The whole appearance of the animal was fearfully strange and wild. It had not the shape of our present elephants. As compared with our Indian elephants, its head was rough, the brain-case low and narrow, but the trunk and mouth were much larger. The teeth were very powerful. Our elephant is an awkward animal, but compared with this mammoth, it is an Arabian steed to a coarse, ugly, dray-horse. I could not divest myself of a feeling of fear as I approached the head; the broken, widely opened eyes gave the animal an appearance of life, as though it might move in a moment and destroy us with a roar." Most unfortunately the banks of the river were being rapidly undermined by the rushing flood, and so a sudden rush of water almost swallowed up the party, and swept away the body of the mammoth, which was never seen again.

¹ Sir H. Howorth gives a most interesting list of these discoveries in his valuable work entitled "The Mammoth and the Flood," chapter iv.

² I quote from an article by Professor Boyd Dawkins on "The Range of the Mammoth," in the *Popular Science Review* for 1868.

Such are some of the principal discoveries of mammoths' bodies in Siberia, and they probably form but a very small number compared with those finds which have occurred, and are constantly taking place, without being reported. For we must bear in mind that the bodies of the mammoths are found in desolate wildernesses, into which Europeans rarely penetrate, and in which wandering tribes of native Siberians are the only human beings. These Siberians also are often very disinclined to report discoveries of mammoths, because it might bring the Russian traders into the districts, or might lead to their being compelled by Europeans to assist in bringing the carcasses of the great elephants to the nearest Russian settlement. Hence we may safely conclude that every year bodies are being found, and no report whatever is given of the discoveries. In fact, it is now quite certain that the whole of the north of Siberia, from the Kara Sea to Behring's Straits, is one vast graveyard of elephants, and that in the frozen soil of these desolate plains the bodies of these great animals are buried in vast numbers.

More than this, the bones, tusks, and teeth of the mammoth are found in enormous quantities scattered over the ground and buried in the soil of northern Siberia. So numerous are these relics on the plains along the shores of the Arctic Ocean, that the native Siberians are busy all through the brief summer collecting mammoths' tusks and teeth, which they sell to the Russian traders. Bodies of the mammoths are only occasionally discovered, but their tusks and teeth can be found in countless numbers. Still more extraordinary is the fact that in the Arctic Ocean, to the north of Siberia, there are desolate islands covered with ice nearly all through the year, which are *literally packed* with bones of elephants, rhinoceroses, and buffaloes! These islands lie in the Polar Sea, north of the mouth of the Lena, and are known as the New Siberian Islands, while others nearer the shore are called the Liakoff Islands, after their discoverer.

The quantity of fossil ivory that has been taken away from these islands is most extraordinary. In 1821 a supply amounting to twenty thousand pounds was obtained from the New Siberian Islands, and for scores of years ivory hunters have enriched themselves at these wonderful islands, whilst the supply seems to be practically exhaustless, and even the *sea* appears to contain in its bed an unlimited supply of ivory.¹

Northern Siberia is at present an icy wilderness, in which the summer lasts little more than two months. The ground is permanently frozen at a depth of only five or six feet beneath the surface, and this perpetually frozen soil extends downwards to an unknown depth. The only vegetation found in the great plains of northern Siberia is composed of mosses, lichens, and a few feeble flowers, so that the reindeer, arctic fox, and bear alone can exist in these icy regions, which have well been called "The grave of Nature." Common sense says that the mammoths could never have lived in northern Siberia when that country possessed its present icy climate, for these great elephants could then have obtained no food. At a former period, then, this dreary region must have enjoyed a temperate climate, and when forests over-spread the Siberian plains which reach to the Arctic Ocean, the mammoth, rhinoceros, and buffalo wandered over them in vast numbers. How were these great animals destroyed? We do not know. Perhaps a tremendous flood rolled over the country and buried the mammoths in vast sheets of mud, gravel, and sand. Then the climate must have changed. The soil must have frozen, and thus the bodies of these gigantic elephants were entombed in a vast icy graveyard.

Be this as it may, the mammoth is gone forever. Tartars declare that it is still seen at break of day, in the uncertain light of early morning, on the banks of lakes, but that when observed

¹ The New Siberian and Liakoff Islands were thoroughly explored by Baron Toll and Professor Bunge in 1886.

it instantly plunges into the water and disappears. Cossacks report that in their wanderings in solitary wildernesses they have seen it alive, and have traced it to its hidden lair. And even some men of science imagine that it may still be living in the unexplored solitudes of Alaska. But these are all idle fancies. The mammoth has passed away. Long ages ago its doom came suddenly upon it, and the mighty fur-clad giant, which wandered over all the northern regions of the globe, and which had its special home in Siberia, is now a relic of the former world, and a mystery to men of science.

D. GATH WHITLEY.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
CASTLES IN THE AIR.

ONE of the curiosities of the New World, and one of its most perplexing curiosities, is the rock dwellings on the cañons of Colorado. Here in the face of limestone precipices are whole ranges of habitations at a great height, only to be reached by means of ladders or ropes from above.

No one knows when these singular dwellings were occupied, nor by whom.

We have become familiarized with those puzzling troglodyte habitations through illustrated papers in magazines, and through books published in America and circulating in England.

It has not occurred to anybody that within twenty-four hours of London are to be found precisely identical phenomena, just as curious and just as mysterious.

The entire region of the lower chalk in the ancient Périgord, and that of the Jura limestone in the old province of Quercy, and the sandstone of Lower Limousin are honeycombed with an incredible number of mysterious, unexplored, and to some extent inexplicable, remains of rock dwellers. The limestone crags on the banks of the Lot and the Dordogne, the chalk cliffs on the Vézère, rise to great heights—three hundred to five hundred feet—and whenever a softer bed has inter-

vened between hard strata, there the rain and frost have scooped out much material, leaving ledges with overhanging roofs.

These have been occupied from a vastly remote period, even from the Glacial epoch, but we are not now going to speak of the natural caves and shelters, but of such as have been cut out by man, with windows and doors, with wells, silos, stables, bed-chambers, kitchens, banqueting-halls, and guard-rooms.

The visitor whirls along the valley of the Lot or Vézère in the train, and notices natural caves and holes in the precipices which he assumes to be natural. But if he is walking, and pauses to examine the faces of the cliffs, he very soon becomes aware that the precipices at some time or another, especially such as face the sun, were alive with human occupants. He discerns square-cut windows, and if he has an opera-glass can discern within them the notches for bars whereby these windows were closed. High up in a sheer cliff he will see a hole with a pole athwart it, which has undoubtedly been there placed for hauling provisions up to such as were hid in this cave.

To reach these dwellings is no easy matter. They are accessible only by rope from above or by ladder from below. Indeed, in many cases two or more ladders must be tied together, or, better still, a peculiarly tall poplar-tree be cut down and set against the face of the rock, and the door to these habitations is reached by a scramble up the poplar. But in other cases notches may be discerned, cut in the face of the rock, to receive the fingers and toes, precisely as in Colorado. These, however, are so worn by the weather that they can hardly be used at present, unless deepened with a pickaxe. To a cliff-dwelling called Cazelles, on the road from Tayac to Sarlat, this was the method of ascent. As boys frequently attempted the scramble, their fathers have cut away the notches, lest accidents should happen, and now the series of chambers can be reached only by a ladder.

When by some means or other the terrace has been reached where these habitations are, then it is found that the rock has been burrowed into so as to form a series of chambers, that received light from windows cut in the thin face of rock which was allowed to remain. Or else where the friable bed had been hollowed out to a considerable depth—sometimes as much as forty feet—by atmospheric influence, walls have been run up to divide the space into chambers, separated by doors, and the face has been closed as well by walls with windows in them. The walls have in many cases, if not most, been broken down, but the foundations remain, and in the rock may still be seen the holes in which the door hinged and turned. Store chambers have been excavated, and the marks of the tools on the rock are everywhere discernible. These store chambers were frequently closed by wooden divisions, and the grooves for the planks and the sockets for the sustaining beams remain.

In the sandstone habitations very generally the faces of the caves were not walled but boarded. There can be no doubt about this, the traces are distinct.

The bedrooms can be always made out, as the beds were cut in the rock, and much resemble the *arcosolia* in the Roman Catacombs. Where the bed was high above the floor, a notch was cut in the rock for the foot to rest in, to assist in the ascent into the place of repose. There were cupboards of all sizes in the rock chambers, and grooves remain for the shelves and also for the doors which closed them.

One interesting feature, moreover, in these rock habitations is the elaborate pains taken to keep them dry. The rock itself, being of hard chalk or limestone, is dry enough, but after cold weather, when there comes up a warm west wind from the Atlantic, a film of moisture forms on the rock, and trickles down or drops. This was very unpleasant to the dwellers in the caves, therefore they grooved their walls and cut channels over them at an incline leading to receptacles for the

condensed water, scooped out of the living rock. A notch allowed these when brimming to overflow into a little channel cut in the floor, which conveyed the tiny rill to the edge of the precipice. In many places, where every other trace of human occupation has disappeared, these precautions against wet remain to attest that the cave shelters were once tenanted by human beings.

The feasting rooms can also quite well be made out by the benches cut in the rock at a suitable level for seats. The fireplace is less easily ascertained, as the fire destroyed the rock wherever it reached it. Nevertheless some fireplaces with chimneys remain, and in others the discoloration and decomposition of the rock shows where the fires have been. The ovens are usually constructed of wall stones, and in many cases remain in a ruinous condition.

In more than one instance a well has been bored in the rock to a great depth, so that those living in the cliff colony were independent of the springs at the feet of the precipices. In such cases the holes in which the windlass worked for drawing up the water can almost always be made out.

In one of these rock habitations, called La Roque de Tayac, that overhangs the Vézère, a path cut in the cliff leads to a chasm, purposely made, in face of a yawning cavern. Marks in the rock show that a drawbridge formerly crossed this gap, deliberately cut in face of the cave, to a ledge beyond, by means of which the grotto is entered. When entered it is found to be a great stable for horses or cows. There are nineteen stalls cut in the rock with mangers, and even the holes remain through which were passed the halters that attached the beasts. In the floor of this stable is a well, and immediately above the well the rock is cut through to an upper story. Through a second opening in the roof of this cave stable, by means of a ladder this upper story is reached, when it is found to have been that in which the men lived whose cattle were in the

dwelling below. They could draw water for the beasts in the stable or for themselves through the hole cut in the stable roof.

A natural ledge extends from this range of dwellings for some distance along the face of the cliff. It is so narrow that it can only be walked along by one who has a steady head. After continuing some distance, it is seen that the rock has been cut away for a space of fifteen feet, beyond which the ledge continues again. This was done to prevent an enemy approaching by this shelf. For the convenience of those occupying the rock the ledge was artificially widened by a wooden floor being placed over it; the marks of the beams let into the rock remain, as well as the indications of the supports on the narrow edge of the terrace. This ledge or terrace has not a perpendicular face, but overhangs about forty feet.

The little river Beune, that flows into the Vézère at Les Eyzies, is so charged with lime that it encrusts the roots of the water plants that occupy its marshy bed, and gradually kills them. Thereupon a fresh layer of vegetable growth forms above the petrified bed. This has now been arrested by deep drains, but it continued as a regular process from year to year till recently. The whole river valley from source to mouth is, and was still more so, a vast morass, swarming with mosquitoes. The valley is inclosed within precipitous cliffs, and the plateau on both sides is forest land. No road led up the valley till within four years, and the valley was almost inaccessible. Now it has been opened out, and reveals itself to have swarmed at one time with inhabitants who scooped out houses for themselves in the cliffs on both sides. Those who lived there were safe as they could be nowhere else. If assailed from the plateaux above, they could escape over the morass, and defy their enemies from the rock fastnesses on the other side of the marsh, across which they alone could thread their way. Here may be found the stables and the remains of solitary

habitations and of whole communities, in great numbers.

A mediæval castle occupies a promontory between the Beune and a little tributary rill.

The rock on which the thirteenth-century towers rise is honeycombed with dwellings. A very extensive group under it consisted of stables and bed-chambers and hall on one level, reached only by a door bored through a projecting buttress of rock, and then still further protected by the ledge being cut away and crossed by a fall bridge. Here also, as at La Roque de Tayac, no one could traverse the bridge without being exposed to the weapons of those occupying the cave. Moreover a guard-room has been deliberately scooped out of the rock, for one sentinel to command the bridge, with access from the rock dwelling in the rear, and with windows by means of which he could thrust down any unwelcome visitor who ventured across.

It is interesting at this place, Commarque, to compare the stone of the ruined castle with the rock of the cave dwellings. The former looks as of yesterday. Moreover, in the side glen the face of the cliff is grooved and scooped out, and scabbled all over with the marks of men's hands making homes for themselves in the living rock, or against it; and here are the quarries whence was raised the stone of which the mediæval castle was built. In quarrying the building stone many of the earlier habitations seem to have been destroyed.

The ruins of Commarque have been purchased by the Belgian Prince de Croye, and he is now engaged in the restoration of the castle, and in making roads by which it can be reached through the forests and over the rocks. It is to be hoped that in the necessary excavations some evidence may be obtained which will give a clue to *who* it was who occupied these puzzling, mysterious habitations.

Till the prince brought workmen to the spot, the head streams of the Beune were an absolute solitude, where neither man nor beast was to be seen.

There is further evidence of antiquity in the dwellings at Commarque. The bed of the valley has risen to such an extent, owing to the gradual upheaval of the bottom through petrification of the water plants and moss, that only the crown of the caves can be seen, and in some cases the beds are level with the bog plants. At least five feet, probably a great deal more, has been slowly built up by incrustation since these habitations were first excavated. It is hardly conceivable that this can have been done in three or four hundred years.

At the place called Les Eyzies, one very famous among prehistoric antiquaries for its deposits of the reindeer period, and of the men who hunted them and the mammoth, in the face of a cliff facing north is a range of overhanging ledges, high up, two hundred and seventy feet above the level of the valley, and the cliff rises about one hundred feet above. This is locally called the Castle and Church of the Great Guillem. Children are still frightened by their nurses with the name of Le Gros Guillem, who is said to carry off and eat little children.

A steep scramble up short grass and rubble leads to this cliff, and here remains of a gateway in masonry give access to the rock, up which ascent is made by steps in this rock. This, however, is not for more than a dozen feet, and then a terrace is reached under several overhanging ledges of rock, forming conchoidal chambers, some of which have been separated from each other by masonry, and the whole of which was formerly faced up with walls that have now completely disappeared. An upper story of chambers cut out in the rock is at present utterly inaccessible, and it is not easy to see how it ever was reached except by a balcony thrust from the walled-up face over the precipice, from which balcony a ladder planted on it would admit to the door above. The first of the shell-shaped chambers has in it five beds cut in the rock; this is called the Castle. The next has crosses cut in the floor; for what object is inconceiv-

able. This, of course, is L'Eglise. A third chamber has in it a bench and stalls cut in the rock, and a well-like hole, perhaps natural, but trimmed round the edges, leading down to water. Farther on is a tunnel entering the mountain in a winding course, with a vessel like a holy-water stoup at the entrance, cut out of the rock, which was probably a collecting hole for water condensed on the rock.

No records of this habitation or castle remain. It is absolutely unmentioned in mediæval history; and yet, almost certainly, it was inhabited during the Hundred Years' War.

On the banks of the Lot, below where the Célé enters it, the river is commanded by a huge buttress of the limestone plateau above, that stands forward and plunges its feet into the clear river. This rock is fissured on its upper face, but the rent does not extend through it. The opening, which is up-stream, is walled up and battlemented, with doors and windows. Within is a huge wedge-shaped vault with side-chambers like guard-rooms, all natural. In the floors of these have been found the remains of the reindeer, cave lion, mammoth, and the tools of contemporary man, of flint and bone. But the walls are undoubtedly mediæval, and the name of the place is La Défilée des Anglais. The story goes that it was held by a band of Free Companions, sold to the English, and that they commanded all communication along the river from this point. A road carried through a tunnel has been blasted athwart the rock beneath this castle in the air.

In the Célé valley above are numerous rock habitations more or less artificial, and mostly with their walls filling up the natural openings, and the natural caves artificially enlarged. A most singular castle in the air is that of Brengues. Here a terrace about two hundred and fifty feet above the river was blocked at both ends by a mediæval gateway. One remains; the other has been destroyed. A miller wished to reconstruct his mill below in the valley, and the simplest way of getting

stones was to destroy the gateway and roll down the hewn blocks.

Midway between these gates is the Château des Anglais suspended like a swallow's nest under the eaves of an overhanging cliff, which serves as roof to it. It is tolerably perfect, for the very good reason that no one can get at it to pull it to pieces. Ladders must be constructed against the rock, cramped to it, to enable any one to mount to the door. It cannot be reached from above, as the rock overhangs too much for that.

On the same river, a little lower, is a much more extensive castle in the air, consisting of a series of caverns helped out with walls. This is believed to have been one of the last refuges of Duke Waifre of Aquitaine in the middle of the eighth century. Pepin hunted him from place to place. Dislodged from his rocky castle at Brengues, Waifre escaped into Périgord, and hid among the chalk lurking holes, where it was impossible for him to be caught. Pepin knew this, and he offered bribes to his servants. Corrupted by these, some of them assassinated him when he was asleep on the night of June 2, 768. Pepin despoiled the body of the gold bracelets adorned with pendant gems which the unfortunate duke had been accustomed to wear, and gave them to the Abbey of St. Denis, where they remained for centuries, and were called "the pears of Waifre." The body of the duke was transferred to Limoges, and his tomb is under the present cathedral, and is marked by a curious piece of carving and an inscription let into the wall of the crypt that contains it.

There can exist no doubt whatever that many of these rock habitations were converted into strongholds by the Free Companies that terrorized the country during the English domination; but it is singular how few of them are mentioned by the historians of the period by name as such.

There is one, still called the Castle of the English, which occupies an impregnable position in the face of the cliff in the great *cirque* of Autoire,

which was held by the freebooter Perducat d'Albret, who, however, served the English and the French alike, or rather he served himself first, and sold his sword alternately to the English and to the French. Nevertheless, the castles held by these French freebooters are all attributed to the English, as, indeed, is every mysterious and daring work of which the ruins remain through the country. Autoire is a superb limestone *cirque* facing north, and opening into the broad plain of the Dordogne. The cliffs rise four hundred feet from the river bottom, and the river shoots over them into the lap of the great basin in a fall of which the Alps need not be ashamed. From the precipices all round issue streams that have travelled underground, and in frosty weather they steam as if they were boiling. As they rain down the white cliffs they nourish mighty beds of luxuriant maidenhair fern.

More than half-way up the side of this vast cauldron is the castle. It is built on a ledge only twelve feet wide, three of which are taken up by the castle wall. There is space only for a circular tower, and then for a cordon of chambers seventy feet long. Outside the round tower are the oven and remains of domestic buildings.

In the event of the garrison of this structural castle being hard pressed, two means of escape were reserved. By climbing like a cat up the face of the precipice with hands and toes, a narrow ledge hardly three feet wide is reached, which gives access to chambers scooped in the rock.

The other means of escape was by running along the ledge on which the castle is built, up the side of the cauldron to a point where formerly a tall tree grew out of the rock. Tradition says that the garrison were able to escape that way to the plateau above. They ran like squirrels up the tree, and leaped from a bough into an ivy bush that clung to the rock, and from which they were able to ascend to the barren plain above.

It was from this castle at Autoire that Villandrando made a sudden swoop

upon Figeac in 1372, and plundered it of treasure to the amount of fifty thousand gold francs, and would not give up the town to the French king before he was promised and paid one hundred and twenty thousand more francs.

Perducat d'Albret was in England on the occasion of Wat Tyler's rebellion, and he armed and stood by the king. Richard, for his readiness, gave him the Castle of Caumont, where he died in 1382. Froissart has a good deal to say about him.

One very singular "castle in the air" is that of La Roque Gageac on the Dordogne. It is built on a shelf in the face of an overhanging precipice, and was quite inaccessible till about three years ago, when it was reached by driving pegs into the face of the cliff, thus forming a precarious stair. The peg-holes remained, but the original series of wooden steps had long ago disappeared. This castle is in very tolerable preservation, partly because it could not be reached, and partly because, when it was accessible, if thrown down, its stones would have crashed into the roofs of the little town that clings to the roots of the precipice. The history of this stronghold is pretty well known. It belonged to the Bishop of Sarlat, and it never fell into the power of the English, who, however, held the rocky *bastide*, or free town, on a height on the opposite side of the river.

On the Vézère, opposite Le Moustier, is a huge sheer cliff, two thousand feet long. A seam runs along it half-way up from end to end, and at the base it overhangs some thirty to forty feet. The whole of this upper seam, which forms a terrace overhung by the natural rock, has been inhabited, and presents a series of chambers. Not only so, but below as well, all the overhanging lower rock has been utilized for buildings. At some remote period huge masses of rock that leaned forward have fallen, and form a pile of rock ruin beyond the line to which the overhanging rock reaches at present. All this agglomeration of rock is cut about into staircases, basements for

walls, windows, doorways, passages. Apparently at one time a town existed there, which has disappeared, and not a soul remains there now.

As it happens, we do know something of this place. We know that about 990 Froterius, Bishop of Périgueux, built a castle there to defend the valley from the incursions of the Normans. We know also that the place existed through the Middle Ages till the year 1401, when the English-minded captain, the Seigneur of Limeuil, took it by surprise on Passion Sunday from the Seigneur Adelmur, who was of the French allegiance, and hanged every man found therein. Since that date it is never mentioned.

Now it so happened, when the writer visited the spot recently, that some masons had been turning over the soil under the overleaning cliffs in quest of sand, and they had pitched on the kitchen midden of the inhabitants. They had disclosed vast masses of bones and pottery, but all the pottery was of the beautiful black paste that is distinctive of the early iron age. Consequently this rock dwelling must have been occupied by the early Gauls, ages before the Bishop of Périgueux built his fortress. There can be no question, had the men gone a few feet deeper, they would have unearthed the remains of the bronze and polished stone age, and some feet below that again the flint and bone weapons of the first inhabitants of the soil, when glaciers covered the centre of France, and rolled down the Vézère as far as Brive.

Of the "castles in the air" the peasants have a tradition. They relate that they were held by the English — *les brigands, mais c'étaient des Anglais, c'est la même chose* — and that they were reduced in this wise. The peasants collected brushwood, molten pitch and fat in casks on the summit of the rocks, and lighted the whole mass, which they rolled over upon the troglodyte habitations below.

Now had these brigands, the English, been content with dwelling in the holes of the rocks, this would not

have injured them, but they had constructed galleries of wood to form means of communication from one set of chambers to another. They had also built out projecting apartments, and the molten, flaming matter poured over and ignited these structures, which blazing, licked the cliff, and sent fiery tongues and volumes of smoke into the cave dwellings.

Wherever chalk is touched by fire it goes to pieces, and the faces of the chambers crumbled away. The occupants were smothered or burnt.

That this actually was the manner in which some of these strongholds were reduced cannot be doubted. The marks of fire are present still. Where the chalk has been burnt and it crumbles it assumes the look of brown sugar, and wherever this brown-sugary appearance is present about the rock windows and doors of one of these castles in the air, we know the manner of its reduction.

In conclusion, the writer ventures on a guess in etymology. Rock dwellings in the old English Guyenne — it was English for three hundred years — are called *Rouffes*, and those who inhabited them *Rouffiens*. Is it not possible that our English word "ruffian" may be a reminiscence of these freebooters who had their strongholds in the rock, when Guyenne was a province attached to the English crown?

From All The Year Round.
LONDON IN THE POETS.

ALTHOUGH London has never appealed to the imagination of its inhabitants in general, nor its men of letters in particular, in quite the same way as Paris, and though with considerable truth a modern poet has apostrophized it as

City that waitest to be sung,
For whom no hand
To mighty strains the lyre hath strung
In all this land,
Though mightier theme the mightiest ones
Sung not of old,
yet from early days the story of its

streets has been told in verse, and few of our poets have not somewhere in their works referred to the metropolis. Often they are more appalled by its vast extent than fascinated by its attractions.

The fair aspect of the town in the seventeenth century is borne witness to by Milton in language which to-day might seem somewhat exaggerated. Knowing well the busy hum of men — Aldersgate Street and St. Bride's, Whitehall and rural Holborn — he must have loved it not a little when he exclaims : —

Oh City founded by Dardanian hands,
Whose towering front the circling realms
commands,
Too blest abode ! no loveliness we see
In all the earth, but it abounds in thee.

Cowper, again, at a later period — lover of the peaceful pursuits and joys of country life though he was — asks :

Where has pleasure such a field,
So rich, so thronged, so drained, so well
described
As London — opulent, enlarged, and still
Increasing London ?

thinking, perchance, of his careless days in the neighborhood of Southampton Row, spent in "giggling and making giggle" with his fair cousins, or later, when as a Templar he formed one of the little circle of Westminster men who composed the "Nonsense Club," and dined together every Thursday by way of promoting the feast of reason and the flow of soul.

To Shelley's sensitive soul it was not the streets of brick or stone, but the men and women who trod them, often in sorrow, that won his regard. Flitting as he did from one temporary residence to another, few parts of the West End could have been unknown to him from the day when in company with Hogg he arrived at the lodgings in Poland Street, attracted by a name which "reminded him of Thaddeus of Warsaw, and of freedom." Later, too, in his lodgings in Half-Moon Street, where the poet loved to sit in a projecting window, book in hand, what strange contrasts must he not have

perceived in the busy stream of life in Piccadilly ! Thus he writes of London as : —

That great sea whose ebb and flow
At once is deep and loud, and on the shore
Vomits its wrecks, and still howls on for
more,
Yet in its depths what treasures !

In a similar way the sadness of a great city affected the mind of William Blake, who in his "Songs of Experience" says : —

I wander through each chartered street,
Near where the chartered Thames does
flow,
And mark in every face I meet,
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

Other poets, however, have touched their lyres with a lighter hand. These sing of the world of fashion and of pleasure under various guises, with here and there a note of regret for the past : —

The quaint old dress, the grand old style,
The mots, the racy stories,
The wine, the dice, the wit, the bile,
The hate of Whigs and Tories.

The motley show of Vanity Fair appeals to them, the lights and shadows of that world "where the young go to learn, and the old to forget." These writers of *vers de société*, dealing with London life, recognize that often

The mirth may be feigning, the sheen may
be glare,
but with admirable philosophy are
brought to confess that

The gingerbread's gilt in Vanity Fair.

What memories are aroused by the mention of St. James's Street and Pall Mall ! To the poet St. James's Street is one of classic fame, peopled with the ghosts of bygone celebrities : —

Where Saccharissa sigh'd
When Waller read his ditty,
Where Byron lived and Gibbon died,
And Alvanley was witty

This same Lord Alvanley, of Park Street, St. James's, is spoken of in Captain Gronow's reminiscences as being perhaps the greatest wit of modern times, though from the anecdotes of his skill in this direction which have

come down to us, the statement must be taken with a rather large grain of salt. His dinners in Park Street and at Melton were considered to be the best in England, and, according to Gronow, he never invited more than eight people, and insisted upon having the somewhat expensive luxury of an apricot tart on the sideboard the whole year round. The Lady Dorothea Sidney, to whom, under the sweet-sounding sobriquet of Saccharissa, Edmund Waller addressed so much of his love-poetry, was not, according to Johnson, "to be subdued by the power of verse, but rejected his addresses, it is said, with disdain." In 1639 she married the Earl of Sunderland, "and in her old age meeting somewhere with Waller, asked him when he would again write such verses upon her. 'When you are as young, madam,' said he, 'and as handsome as you were then.'"

Sheridan wrote of

The Campus Martius of St. James's Street,
Where the beau's cavalry pass to and fro
Before they take the field in Rotten Row,
and a modern poet recalls the memory of

The plats at White's, the play at Crock's,
The bumpers to Miss Gunning,
The bonhomie of Charlie Fox,
And Selwyn's ghastly funning.

An exile from London would rejoice to greet once again "the long-lost pleasures of St. James's Street," and a similar spirit breathes in the well-known verses of Charles Morris on Pall Mall : —

In town let me live, then, in town let me
die,
For in truth I can't relish the country,
not I.
If one must have a villa in summer to
dwell,
Oh ! give me the sweet shady side of Pall
Mall.

A sentiment such as this might have given pleasure to Charles Lamb, or even such an inveterate lover of the city as Johnson, who, on a certain occasion, when Boswell suggested that as a constant resident he might grow tired of it, exclaimed : "Why, sir, you

find no man at all intellectual who is willing to leave London. No, sir, when a man is tired of London he is tired of life, for there is in London all that life can afford." Notwithstanding which opinion, we find Johnson indulging in a grumble against certain shortcomings of the metropolis in his "London," written in imitation of the third satire of Juvenal. Its cosmopolitan character even at that period comes in for severe condemnation, "the needy villain's general home," as he calls it, which

With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state,
and goes on to say : —

Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
I cannot bear a French metropolis.

The insecure state of the streets is also borne witness to as follows : —

Prepare for death if here at night you
 roam,
And sign your will before you sup from
 home.

But to return to Pall Mall, we find Gay praising it in his "Trivia," or "Art of Walking the Streets of London," a work which contains much that is of interest as regards the city in the days of Queen Anne.

"Oh, bear me," he cries, "to the paths of
 fair Pall Mall,
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy
 smell.

At distance rolls the gilded coach,
No sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach."

While St. James's Street and Pall Mall thus share the poetic tribute of praise, other parts of London are by no means forgotten. The bustle of Cheapside, the quiet of the Inns of Court, the full tide of life in the Strand, the majesty of the river—all these are to be found recorded in verse. Chaucer has sung of the gay prentice who would sing and hop at every bridal, and who loved the tavern better than the shop, and

When ther eny riding was in Chepe,
Out of the shoppe thider wold he lepe,
And till that he had all the sight ysein,
And danced wel he would not come agen.

Further citywards the crowded markets of Eastcheap in the reign of Henry the Fourth are recorded by John Lydgate in his "London Lackpenny : " —

Then I hyed me into Est-Chepe,
One cryes rybbs of befe and many a pye ;
Pewter pottes they clattered on a heape,
But for lack of money I myght not spede.

Stow tells us that this part of the town was frequented by butchers, and also cooks, "and such other as sold victuals ready dressed of all sorts. For of old time when friends did meet and were disposed to be merry, they went not to dine and sup in taverns, but to the cooks, where they called for meat what they liked, which they always found well-dressed at a reasonable rate." John Gilpin was a linen-draper in Cheapside, according to Cowper : —

Smack went the whip, round went the
 wheel,

Were ever folks so glad ?
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

Wood Street has been immortalized by Wordsworth, for the thrush at the corner with its glad note brought back the memory of country sights and sounds to "Poor Susan : " —

Bright volumes of vapor through Lothbury
 glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of
 Cheapside.

Then the Mermaid Tavern, near Bread Street, with its memories of Shakespeare and rare Ben Jonson, has appealed to the imagination of later poets. "What things have we seen done at the Mermaid ! " was a favorite quotation of Charles Lamb, who loved at the Salutation Tavern to recall those "nimble words so full of subtle flame" which rejoiced the hearts of the old dramatists. Keats, again, asks : —

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern ?

The Temple calls up a host of equally interesting associations, and has inspired many a bard from the time of Spenser, who wrote of

Those brickly towers,
The which on Thames' broad aged back
doe ride.

Once, indeed, you could

Stand in Temple Gardens and behold
London herself on her proud stream afloat,
and here Shakespeare places the scene
of the choosing of the red and white
rose as the respective badges of the
houses of York and Lancaster. Then,
again, we think of Ruth Pinch waiting
for her lover there where

The fountain's low singing is heard in the
wind
Like a melody bringing sweet fancies to
mind,
Some to grieve, some to gladden,
while

Away in the distance is heard the far sound
From the streets of the city that compass
it round.

Leaving the "Temple's silent walls" we may lament with Gay the change in the thoroughfare once described by Middleton, the dramatist, as "the luxurious Strand," the home of many a bishop, graced by the palaces of the Protector Somerset and the great Lord Burleigh; where "Arundel's fam'd structure rear'd its frame," famous for its splendid collection of works of art as far back as the days of James the First, when Thomas Howard was restored to the earldom of Arundel—"The street alone retains an empty name." The same fate has overtaken many other famous dwellings in this locality.

There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers' now no more.

The Strand seems to have been one of the most crowded parts of London from comparatively early times. George Wither, the Puritan poet, writing in 1628, speaks of it as

that goodly throwfare betweene
The court and city, and where I have seene
Well-nigh a million passing in one day.

When Boswell talked of the cheerfulness of Fleet Street owing to the constant quick succession of people passing through it, Johnson replied:

"Why, sir, Fleet Street has a very animated appearance, but I think the full tide of human existence is at Charing Cross." Here it was that proclamations were formerly made, and the allusion in Swift has become a popular saying:—

Where all that passes inter nos,
May be proclaim'd at Charing Cross.

Even to-day there are a few links left to bind the present to the past:—

In the midst of the busy and roaring
Strand,
Dividing life's current on either hand,
A time-worn city church, sombre and grey,
Waits while the multitude pass away.

The majesty of London asleep, with its "mighty heart lying still," has never been more eloquently described than by Wordsworth in the well-known "Sonnet on Westminster Bridge," in which the quiet spirit of the country seems to breathe and give a touch of nature to the piles of buildings stretching away as far as eye can reach. With him we can imagine the great city "not as full of noise and dust and confusion, but as something silent, grand, and everlasting:"—

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty.

Many other parts of the town are touched upon by the poets; but to enumerate them all would prove an overlong tale. Thus tavern life has a poetry or versification of its own. Who does not remember the Tabard Inn in Southwark, and the pilgrims, "well nine-and-twentie in a companie," who would ride to Canterbury? Or, again, the association of Tennyson with the tavern in Fleet Street, pulled down, alas! in 1881:—

O plump head waiter at the Cock,
To which I most resort,
How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock.
Go fetch a pint of port.

Andrew Marvel's verses remind us of the sundial which once stood in the Privy Garden at Whitehall, and of the escapades of the Merry Monarch's courtiers:—

This place for a dial was too insecure,
Since a guard and a garden could not it
defend,

For so near to the Court they will never
endure

Any witness to show how their time they
misspend.

Much has been written of Westmin-
ster Abbey :—

They dreamed not of a perishable home
Who thus could build.

The last words of Henry the Fourth,
according to Shakespeare, were :—

Bear me to that chamber ; there I'll lie.
In that Jerusalem shall Henry die.

At the old Gate House Prison of
Westminster, Richard Lovelace wrote
the beautiful song :—

Stone walls do not a prison make.

The beauties of the Parks and of
Kensington Gardens have been cele-
brated in verse.

Of all parts of England Hyde Park hath
the name,
For coaches and horses and persons of
fame,

goes the old ballad. A modern poet
asks concerning Rotten Row, —

Who now performs a caracole,
and continues, —

We're clad to climb a Perthshire glen,
There's nothing of the haute école
In Rotten Row from eight to ten.

Matthew Arnold loved the countri-
fied aspect of Kensington Gardens :—

In this lone open glade I lie,
Screened by deep boughs on either hand,
And at its end to stay the eye
Those black-crowned, red-boled pine-
trees stand.

As a contrast to this rural calm we
have another poet praising Piccadilly :

Shops, palaces, bustle, and breeze,
The whirring of wheels and the murmur of
trees,
By night or by day, whether noisy or stilly,
Whatever my mood is, I love Piccadilly.

Thus have "Ballads of Babylon" been
sung in all ages in various keys.

From The Month.

THE MOUTH OF AVERNUS.

A LITTLE beyond Baja there are
what are called the Stufe di Nerone,
the ancient Thermæ Neronianæ. The
entrance is through rooms cut in the
tufa rock, and at the furthest bend of a
long, low, dark, semicircular passage
are the springs of boiling water,
boiling from some source of not very
distant volcanic agency. The passage
is unpleasantly hot and full of steam,
but on stooping near the ground it
is possible to crawl in cool air some
way into its narrow windings. We
believe these rooms are even still
used by peasant invalids as a cure.
The great proof here to the native
mind of the fact that the water is boil-
ing seems to be to boil an egg in the
spring. The egg is first shown cold
and uncooked, and then put in a
bucket ; then two little boys, one
carrying a torch, run round with it to
the springs and return by the other
passage in three minutes. The egg is
boiled, and the little fellows are seen
to be perspiring profusely from the
great heat and steam to which they
have been exposed. Further on is the
Lago di Averno, where another of
Turner's fascinating pictures was
painted, "Æneas with the Sibyl." Virgil places this as the spot where the
Sibyl conducted Æneas to the infernal
regions in order to speak with the old
Anchises ; and certainly it is the crater
of an extinct volcano, though now
filled with water. It is a large pond,
or lake, beautiful in spring, and in
autumn sometimes sombre, dark, and
terrible ; sometimes bright and shin-
ing, but ever solitary. The neighbor-
ing woods, ravines, and caves were the
abode of the dismal, sunless Cimmerii
mentioned by Homer. Like so many
of the surrounding lakes, it also at one
time gave out poisonous exhalations,
so much so that, before the Emperor
Augustus made it into a harbor in con-
junction with the Lucrine Lake, it was
said that no bird could fly over it with-
out perishing.

It is a most melancholy spot ; the
smooth, dark surface of the large round

pool filling the ancient crater, whose edges covered with low chestnut-trees overshadow it, breeds in one an unaccountable feeling that death is hovering somewhere about in its precincts. The brown water laps the muddy bank in a sullen way, as if conscious of its baneful power. Bright cyclamens show their heads amidst the light undergrowth on the banks, whose chief shade, besides bare-looking willow stems, is that of the dark-leaved chestnut-tree. A deathly silence oppresses one. On the further side of the lake are the picturesque ruins of old baths, which are better known however as the Temple of Apollo. They are half hidden amongst the trees, and are built to the very edge of the dark, stagnant waters. The lake is supposed to be one hundred and thirty-eight feet deep, or, according to another authority, two hundred and ten feet. Its circumference is nearly two miles. Separated from it by a low hill of tufa formation, riddled with passages and galleries, as indeed seems to be this whole district of mysteries, is the Lacus Lucrinus. Amongst these passages is the Sibyl's Grotto, containing the so-called bed of the Styx. There are rooms and passages here said to be unexplored, though we have our doubts as to whether they are not used for smuggling, and therefore never shown to the curious traveller. The guide points out the rooms named after Nero and the Sibyl, and the place, like a huge oven, where he again gravely informs his audience that the dog Cerberus used to lie and guard the entrance to the regions of Pluto.

It is useless to protest against these lectures, since the tourist finds himself carried on the guide's back through the pools of water that fill the floors of the rooms and deposited on a ledge of

rock, where *nolens volens* he has to listen to this harangue of nonsense. There is a great staircase going up from these rooms to levels above, but blocked at the upper end by lava or volcanic ash, which is supposed to have come from the eruption of the Monte Nuova in 1538, which destroyed many of these passages and greatly altered the surrounding country. Of two other dark passages within this cave, the so-called bed of the Styx is the only one up which we could force the guide to take us, and that was black with the soot from the torches and full of scoræ, which appeared to block it up further on than we could advance, owing to the diminishing height of the passage. All these, as well as the rooms, it must be remembered, are in pitch darkness. Having to be carried through knee-deep pools of water, by the light of a torch, we were completely at the mercy of our bearer, and at one spot he has always refused to move further, although only four feet covers the distance to the dark passage at which we have wished to arrive. He excuses himself each time by declaring that the ground is too muddy to support him, and that the passage is blocked up. Since our last visit we are more fully persuaded than ever that that passage holds some illicit secret. It is possible that some thousands of years ago there were natural passages here, volcanic rents in the rock; since when a race of men, supposed half supernatural—the Cimmerii—probably took possession of these then desolate spots, possibly before the Greek settlement of Cumæ, and living beneath the shade of forests, in the vales and amidst the lakes, and in many caverns, enlarged the latter and made galleries and rooms.

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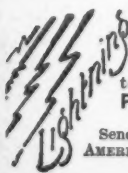
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